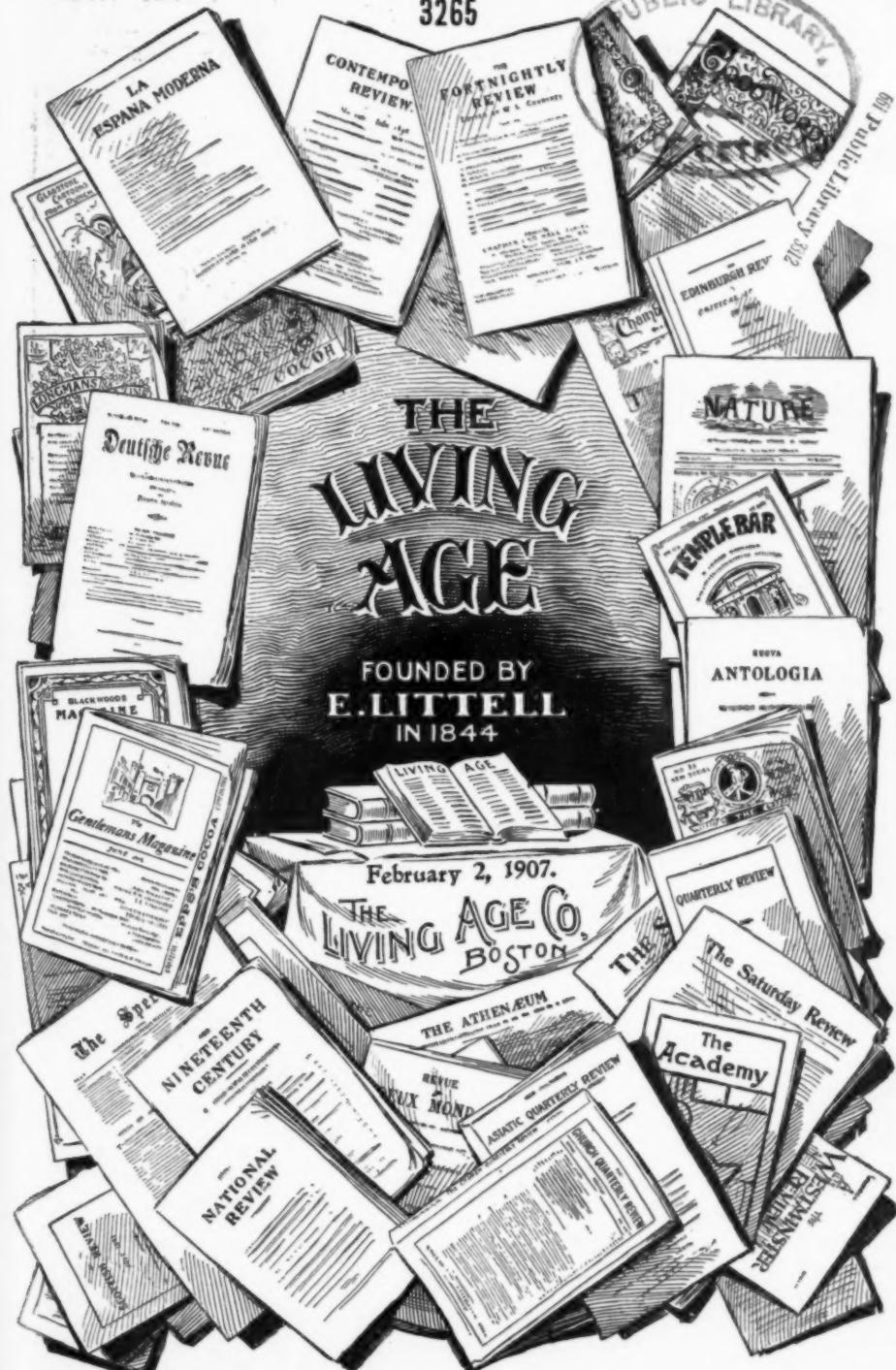


FRANCE AND THE POPE'S MOVE. By Laurence Jerrold.

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THE LIVING AGE

SEVENTH SERIES
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THE SEVERN SEA.

O fairy Sleep, take thou my hand
And lead me down some long dream-
lane
Hid in the heart of that dear land
Where, from a brambled hill, again
I may behold those dim, gray towers
That soared between the mist and
me;
Where, through a silver veil of
showers,
Glimmers the distant Severn Sea.

Strange calm that thrills the fretful
heart
From that far-shining, steadfast
gleam!
Life drops her motley, steps apart
With folded hands awhile to dream;
Deep in her eyes what vision dwells
Of splendor, pride, or mystery
When the sweet surge of evening bells
Besets the darkening Severn Sea!

Pale fairy Sleep, who dost invest
The blind abyss of piteous night,
I too have dreams, that to the West
Wing their unswerving, hopeless
flight—
For ever as the skies enlace
Their skeins of starry fantasy
I seek again one wistful face
Beside the enchanted Severn Sea.

O brave, unsullied Western land,
Where love is more than fame or
birth!
Oft have we roamed thee, hand in
hand,
One with the passion of the earth;
But now our voices call in vain,
And the hot tears are spent for thee:
Might we but live and love again
Within the sound of Severn Sea!

Wilfrid L. Randell.

The Spectator.

CHILDHOOD.

A pinch of spice, a crust of fairy bread,
With wild bees' honey and with com-
fits spread,
A stalk of cherries, a wild strawberry's
stain,

And two small crumpled rose-leaves
wet with rain;—
Such for her cheeks: but O, now for
her hair,
What sunbeams cast such shadow-
ness, and where?
But for her eye. I think some wood-
land elf
Laughed in that looking-glass to see
himself.
And when she sighed in dreams, a
drowsy wren
Hopped her sweet mouth into from off
her chin,
And in her throat entwined a tiny nest
Wherein to pipe the song a wren
knows best . . .
Lo! then, the house where dwells, O,
who can say—
A soul still winking at the break of
day;
From those bright starry windows still
to peep
And shut those shutters when 'tis time
to sleep;
To op'n those scarlet doors, and learn
to cry
How sweet a "you," how wonderful
an "I"!

Walter de la Mare.

Pall Mall Magazine.

THE SAFER WAY.

Things-as-they-ought-to-be
Woke up one day,
Harnessed an eagle and
Went on his way.

"I'll choose a safe path," said
Things-as-they-are;
Things-as-they-ought-to-be
Rode for a star.

Things-as-they-are crept off
Borne on a snail;
"Better to creep," he said,
"Than fly and fail."

Things-as-they-ought-to-be
Fell from the star.
Safe on his journey went
Things-as-they-are.
Ethel Ashton Edwards.

The Outlook.

FRANCE AND THE POPE'S MOVE.

On December 13, 14, 15, or 16 last, according to the district, the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the Reformed Church, and the Jewish Faith, was finally disestablished in France. In obedience to the Pope's Encyclical *Gravissimo officii munere* of August 10, the Roman Catholic Church in France has nowhere formed "Associations of Worship," the only ecclesiastical bodies to which, according to the law of December 9, 1905, which came into force from four to seven days later, devolution of property held by the Church under the Concordat is possible. It has been said and repeated that the Pope's aggressive move in August, which his Holiness has steadily and well followed up since then, was a fatal blunder. Was it? If the Vatican wants solid peace with the Third Republic, and a rooted status for the Church of Rome in France, it was. But does the Vatican want anything like a National French Church and a quiet life with the French Government? If the last Encyclical had bidden, instead of forbidding, the French Church to form "Associations of Worship," these by now would be in working order and in lawful, permanent, and almost independent enjoyment of all lands, buildings and revenues held under the Concordat. Bishops and priests would be living on in their palaces or cottages as before; there would have been nothing fateful about the dates of December 13 to 16; there would be no outward sign of disestablishment to the popular mind; and from August to now, we should hardly have heard or spoken, read or written about Church and State in France. The fateful dates have passed; the churches remain open as before: is not this a win for the Vatican? Church *versus* State, or State

versus Church, according to the standpoint, in France has kept Government, Press, and *café* debaters busy for four months and a half; they are yet at it, and will be at it for an indefinite time: is that no score for the Vatican? Bishops are removing out of their palaces and priests out of their cottages, but it would be a detestable state of things if they had no grievance, even of their own making. When the Government carries the new Bill by which may be abolished the temporary four or eight year pensions (never the annuities of superannuated priests), their grievances will grow. If the Government closed the churches, which is unthinkable, grievances would grow to martyrdom, devoutly wished by some leaders for their followers.

The French Government neither would nor durst use what seems to be its legal right to close the churches after the expiry of the year during which the Act required the Associations of Worship to be formed, and Rome knew it, and traded upon the knowledge. All along, from August to December, the French Government's hand has been forced by the Pope's move. The Church in France has likewise been coerced by the Pope's move. The bishops had accepted the law, and their flocks were perfectly ready, without a shade of hesitancy, to follow them; the Encyclical forbade acceptance, and bishops and flocks have obeyed with a passivity never before equalled by the French Church. Is not that also a triumph for the Vatican? The Pope's move has been masterly—in its way.

The strange history of Church and State in France during the past four months all turned exclusively on the Pope's move, and has registered its po-

tency. If the French Government did play a few fairly good countermoves, they were only countermoves, and from then to now the Vatican has been leading the game. The abrupt attack which has given Rome the upper hand—for the present—was admirably sudden and swift. No Napoleonic decision at the height of battle ever amazed foes as much—and friends alike. The majority of the Bishops had ingeniously and diligently elaborated, down to the minutest details, a deft and pleasing scheme of “canonical” associations, which fitted neatly in both with the laws of Caesar and with the divine constitution of the Church; and, good easy men, they waited complacent and confident. Cæsar, for his part, basked in the same secure equanimity; the Government was taking its holiday with an easy conscience and satisfied trust in the morrow. The Encyclical came out, and the horrid explosion blew up the Bishops’ pretty handiwork and the Government’s dream of a quiet life. The sight of both parties amid the wreckage was piteous. The unfortunate Minister of “Public Instruction and Public Worship” affected jauntiness, energy, and cool strength by turns. M. Briand gave interviews and made statements one after the other, and constantly contradicted himself. He has since said that he purposely aired conflicting views to feel the public pulse. The various public parties, except one, were for several days dumb with amazement. When they spoke it was with weak voices, little, piping, plaintive voices that strove to be sweet and soothing. The one exception had instantly begun to roar in exultation: *Here is a Pope!* When will come such another? Beelzebub is defiled, the Devil has found his match. If martyrs be wanted, here are their naked breasts; “When the blood of women and children shall have flowed, then France will become Catholic

again.” But the bulk of the Catholic world felt little enough like roaring. What had to be done and done at once was to wriggle somehow out of a hideously false position. The majority of the Bishops made wry faces at home, though they smiled in public. Their position was peculiarly painful; the Encyclical not only ignored their own brilliant and industriously devised scheme of canonical associations, while generally condemning the principle of such associations altogether, but by clever sophistry proclaimed the agreement of the Pope’s decree with the unanimous resolution of the Bishops’ conference, omitting to record that this unanimous decision in condemnation of the Disestablishment Law was followed by the elaboration of the very scheme which reconciled in practice that law with canonical law, and thus making the Bishops out to be in unanimous agreement with a verdict of condemnation against their own enterprise. The worst was that the scheme in question, drawn up at the conference held privately in May last, was not made known by an indiscretion until after the Encyclical, by when the Bishops had advertised their agreement with the Pope’s ruling. They were thus completely stultified, and shown to have been compelled to eat their words, condemn themselves, declare unworkable a law with which they had themselves devised a workable arrangement, and feign that the Encyclical exactly answered their wishes, because it said it did, when it did precisely the contrary.

The Bishops bore up beautifully under this extraordinary combination of ordeals; not one grumbling word has come from them in public. The Catholic flock had naturally smaller ground for grumbling than its shepherds, but the position of some of its leaders was awkward. M. Brunetière, Count Albert de Mun, Baron Denys Cochin, and

twenty others had signed an open letter pointing out how the law could be accommodated for the Church: the Encyclical, ignoring them absolutely, declared that there could be no accommodation with the law. They were dumb for days, then all suddenly spoke up to recant and acknowledge that Rome could not accept a law which they had themselves proved acceptable. I was unable to induce the late M. Brunetière after the Encyclical even to refer to his previous views. The order was for total submission to Rome, and it was obeyed; one could even harp again on the "perinde ac cadaver" of the Jesuits which French anti-clerical writers have quoted once a week for a quarter of a century. It was strange to watch men of some intellectual distinction, such as Count Albert de Mun, writing with equal facility in support of the Encyclical, after having written in support of opinions which the Encyclical exactly contradicted. But was not this precisely the greatest success for the Vatican and the best proof of the potency of the Pope's move? Never before has the Vatican met with such lamblike submission in France. Under the Monarchy the French Church was not afraid of remonstrating with the Vatican; under the Third Republic not one authoritative voice has been uplifted even in humblest protest. A strong, clear, and sensible open letter to the Pope, stating fairly and squarely the case for acceptance of the law from the French, not the Roman, point of view, was published in the *Temps* by "a group of Catholics," but has unhappily remained anonymous. A former secretary of Pio Nono has tried to start a Gallican Church, but the associations of Catholic worship registered so far are only eighty-two in number; they consist of rebellious Catholic laymen and a few priests at loggerheads with their bishops, and they not only must be schismatical, but probably are no legal

associations of worship, since such by Article IV. must "conform to the rules of general organization of the faith," which presumably include obedience to the Pope. Thus dissentient voices have been insignificant; Rome can claim with only a shade of exaggeration that Catholic France has uttered one voice, that of obedience. How then can Rome call the Pope's move a blunder? Such an act of domination, never before known in modern France, was worth to the Vatican the price—which the Vatican does not pay; it was worth the loss of palaces by French Bishops and cottages by French Priests, and worth Notre Dame, Chartres, Beauvais, Reims, Amiens, the claim of absolute ownership over which, made by the Pope, would have raised a laugh in the France of Louis XIV., and which those who love their stones would prefer trusting entirely to the Fine Arts department of the anti-clerical French State, than entirely to Ecclesiastical Chapters.

Of course the French State as little dreamt of closing their doors as of moving their stones. Another thing of which it had never dreamt was the Pope's move, having passed a fair part of the Disestablishment Law precisely with the support of the Right in both Houses to satisfy the Catholic minority. The Government was undoubtedly staggered by the resolution to deprive the French Church of millions of property for the sake of a demonstration of principle. Apparently this was the one move which the Government had not foreseen and it proved the least easily answerable. The Government has replied abundantly, each time differently. At first the cue was "let the law take its course," and Olympian serenity. The Press at once jumped to the conclusion that on December 11, or thereabouts, every church would be closed in France and that mass would be said in barns, and the *Lanterne* al-

ready thanked Providence, or its anti-clerical equivalent, for such a Pope. Several anti-clerical politicians declared that the Disestablishment Law, had it been accepted by Rome, would have proved far too liberal, but, being resisted, was excellent in the consequences which resistance entailed. This standpoint has now receded. The tune to which extreme anti-clericals sang in ecstatic unison has died away. Many variations led up to the Clemenceau theme, "Me minister, not a church in France shall be closed," thenceforward the *leit motiv*. On it M. Briand composed two monumental speeches, between which M. Viviani, Minister of Labor, sang of the "splendid gesture" with which "we have quenched lights in the sky which none will relume"; the second of M. Briand's orations answering with the soothing counter-subject on an "a-religious," not an irreligious, State policy, whereupon the perverse M. Clemenceau in an incidental phrase before the Senate blithely said that he agreed with M. Viviani. But these were ornaments; the *leit motiv* remained, and has remained, unchanged.

Through vicissitudes, the position of Church and State up to the fateful dates of December had worked out thus: for one year a legal sequestrator would hold the Churches in trust for the State or the Communes to which they would finally belong at the expiry of that period, unless associations of worship were formed in the interval, to which, however, devolution of property would be no longer compulsory as before December 13, but optional at the will of the Government; ecclesiastical property other than religious edifices definitely reverted to the State or the Communes (or in some cases to private owners), from December 13 to 16; in sacred edifices religious worship would continue exactly as before provided that the priest declared once a year his intention to hold therein public services

on stated dates, in compliance with the law of 1881 on public meetings. This arrangement had been reached through successive "interpretations" of the law, by "administrative regulations" issued by the Council of State, and by circulars from the Government department of Public Instruction and Worship. It is very doubtful whether any expert in law could have foretold the arrangement from the sole text of the Act. The beauty of the latter seems to be that "interpretations" can make it mean a great many things. The arrangement had been obviously prompted solely by the Pope's move in August. The possibility of no associations being formed appears never to have been foreseen by the authors of the Act or of its amendments on either side of the Houses. The Pope played his move; clearly Catholics could not on that account be forbidden to pray in the churches of their forefathers: hence the "interpretation" of the law, which could not have been more liberal. But the Government (while M. Clemenceau, and especially M. Briand, had no inclination to oppression) could not help being liberal under the circumstances, and that the Vatican knew. The Pope has manœuvred in such a way that the Government gets as little credit as possible for its liberalism. Had the Vatican allowed the formation of the associations of worship, the liberalism of the law would have equally appeared, but the Government would then have been the superior, generous party in the argument. The Pope may not be that now, but his Holiness has proved the cleverer politician.

Yet in the long run who will pay the piper, for some one must? Surely not the French State. After all if the Pope has scored off the French Government, it is rather a hollow gain; the Government stands to lose little. It will not be much hurt because the Pope has annoyed it exceedingly for four

months, and continues to be annoying. Ultramontanes crow and their papers daily celebrate the "Victory of the Vatican," and the "Confusion of the Government," but this chortling does not in itself matter; the extreme Left has grumbled at the temporizing policy of the Cabinet but has not yet been actively hostile. The Government, having pocketed the rebuff of the Pope's move, can afford to wait now. Can the Catholic public also afford to wait? Most probably, for come what may, the churches will not be closed, and services will continue to be held somehow or other, though how exactly it is to be done is still doubtful. But can the Roman Catholic Church of France afford to wait? Can it afford anything at all just now? Has it now any means, ideas, policy, or definite being of its own? Does it know whether it would go or does it want to go anywhere? Has it a present, much less a future? Is it a Church any longer? One cannot tell; not a French priest in his heart of hearts could swear to any positive and definite hope for the practical future of his Church now. He knows only that he knows nothing. The Vatican has successfully thrown the entire Church into utter confusion. The Pope has played pretty passes against the French State, which has been hit, but easily recovers, not being very vulnerable. The real sufferer is another; the Roman Catholic Church of France pays the piper and will go on paying for long, in many ways. Passive obedience to begin with was very well as a tribute to the master, but it has brought no credit, satisfaction, or benefit to the servants. The Church of France is not more looked up to because it has been constantly and successively stultified in all it attempted or suggested by the Vatican. One may admire its obedience, but its most faithful son cannot admire it for the ill luck which has pursued its every meek endeavor to ar-

range for itself a quiet life. The Bishops' elaborate scheme was ignominiously brushed away by the last Encyclical. The Disestablishment Law of 1905 being diabolical would recourse be had to the Law of 1901 on associations without imperilling salvation? The unhappy Cardinal Lecot of Bordeaux formed an association under the 1901 Act, but it appears to be tainted with poisonous emanations from the Act of 1905; he is still struggling to assure Rome that it is pure, and the Government that it is legal. But if it be legal, being an association directly or indirectly proposing to carry on religious worship, it complies with the 1905 Act, and if it do so, it is impure; while if it were not legal according to the 1905 Act, it would also be illegal according to that of 1901, and the Cardinal could not have registered it. M. Briand called Cardinal Lecot a M. Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it; but he is more, he is M. Jourdain struggling to prove that his prose is no prose, and speaking more and more prose, as he tries to prove that it is no prose. The Pope's move has been a pretty one, but it has driven the Church of France into a corner of absurdities.

The Act of 1905 being damned, and a Cardinal having played with the Act of 1901 and singed his fingers, there remained the Act of 1881 on public meetings. M. Briand, who has been ever ready to take the first step when the Vatican showed the way since the Encyclical, and has been persistently flouted for his pains, drew up a delightful circular, clear enough for him who ran to read, which reduced the requirements of the law of 1881 to a mere annual formality. After all the Church in France must presumably conform to some law or other, *pace* the Vatican. A discreet minimum of legality was offered, such as no lay body, hedged in by the surrounding net-

work of French law, ever had the chance of accepting, and the French clergy was accepting the surprising boon with an affected standoffishness concealing an amazed joy. A few hours later the Vatican pleasantly proclaims in two curt sentences by telegraph that the law of 1881 is as damnable as those of 1901 and 1905; two archbishops have, as usual, to eat their words and revoke instructions prematurely given to their clergy; the French Government once more receives the rebuff direct, and simultaneously the French Church gets one more knock-out blow which sends it staggering and dazed, and which it must take trying to smile. It is a pretty match, but the French Church possibly would prefer not to be the third party on whom all the hits tell most. The Pope's latest score off the French Government of course throws the French Church into worse confusion than ever. Priests are to continue officiating in the churches, but they are strictly bound to officiate illegally; one single step towards lawfulness takes them out of their allegiance to Rome. It is a pretty situation, brought about by the Vatican for the sole joy of placing the French Government in the predicament either of allowing the laws of the country, by which every other public body abides, to become a dead letter for the Roman Catholic clergy alone, or of summoning forty-five thousand priests perhaps twenty-one times a week into the police courts for each Mass said and for consequent misdemeanors punishable by fines or imprisonment never exceeding fifteen francs or five days, however often the offence be repeated. The Vatican apparently is sacrificing the French Church to the satisfaction of paying out the French Government for having brought in the Disestablishment Act before the French Parliament without papal permission. The Church of France

is allowing itself to be sacrificed with a lamblike meekness which would have been unthinkable in the days of Bossuet, whereby one may suppose that the Vatican is only egged on. When France was the eldest daughter of the Church—presumably she is so no longer—the French Church most certainly would have stiffened its neck and would have tinged its filial obedience to the Pope with a care for its own temporal existence. Will the Church now ever rebel? Most probably not. Will French Catholics save it, when the Pope destroys? Three quarters of them will blow colder and colder; the remaining quarter will consist eventually of political Catholics only, who will urge the Church on the same hopeless path of feeble rebellion, futile lawlessness, and sedition without method. The unlucky Church is now gagged, and bound hand and foot to the schemers who have used it for political purposes; the Pope has week by week tightened the bonds in the last four months. Talk of religious war is nonsense in modern France. The Government can expel the sleek, baby-faced Monsignore who had been pleasantly fanning the faint flame of agitation, and who had all the leading French prelates under his podgy thumb. The Government can prosecute a few hundred priests for illegally holding public meetings, *i.e.*, saying mass; it cannot and will not prosecute them all. Nor can it ever apply the article of the code by which servants of a foreign potentate in France may be deprived of French nationality against the body of the French clergy; nor can it close the churches. M. Clemenceau's "you asked for war, you shall have it," is a figure of rhetoric twice removed from facts.

But if the Government cannot go to war except hyperbolically, what can the French Church do? Absolutely and entirely nothing. It never was as powerless as it is to-day, after four months

of the Pope's tender mercies. The Catholic minority in the country is obviously dwindling: loss of the outward pomp of faith will certainly not increase its numbers, nor will self-imposed outlawry. Catholic and anti-Republican were not exactly synonymous a year ago, but they will be soon if the Pope persists in scoring off the Government; not because Republican Catholics will have gone against the Republic, but because Catholic Republicans will have left the Church in despair. When the Church has become identified completely with an ever diminishing political party, it will have become a sect. Religious War? With what weapons will the Church fight? The beadle will no longer wear his scarlet and gold lace at weddings, only three wax candles will burn on the altars, funeral trappings must be only of the "sixth class" if a priest is to officiate, because henceforth the charges for the beadle's best clothes, for wax candles, and for the hideous eyesores of black and silver hangings, will be the perquisites of the devil's own, the legal sequestor: these are the deadly measures with which the clergy will carry war into the enemy's camp. It is a pathetic programme. Simultaneously tremendous words accompany futile acts. The Vicars of St. Ferdinand des Ternes will "defend their lives with every weapon" against the "knives of assassins hired by politicians"—in pleasant, industrious, rich, middle-class Ternes, where money rolls in to the motor trade! The militant clergy has no sense of realities, and priests who have intelligence enough, and would have honesty enough, to cry down melodrama, are gagged by Rome. The Rec-

tor of St. Pierre da Gros Cuillou in the Rue St. Dominique shrieks: "We swim up to the neck in Anarchy"; truly enough, but not as he meant it. His own meaning is exquisite, when one knows the Rue St. Dominique, where little shops pursue their busy little lives in provincial peace. Anarchy may be anywhere, but not in the Rue St. Dominique, and there seems to be some of it in the Church of France. If the Church look, for the stamina, backbone and organizing brain which it lacks for the fight, to its faithful followers, it is grievously mistaken. In the most religious parts of the country three thousand odd Church "inventories" have just been taken with very few knocks. There may be street rows of course, but there will not be religious war, even if the Vatican should pursue for years its triumphant policy of paying out the French Government. There will be no war and no martyrdom, the blood of women and children will not flow, not even the blood of men, the churches will not be closed, and mass will be said. One single trick, for instance, may save, and in some cases has already saved, the priest's face: the statutory declaration under the 1881 Act, and under the new Act which is the Government's latest mild countermove, may be made by a couple of laymen and he will then be master in his Church and need never be supposed to know why. At all events, whatever device of pious casuistry or legal legerdemain win the day, there must be peace, not war; but a peace without much honor for the Church, which will have been left a weak, shorn, and shrunken Church.

Laurence Jorrold.

STRAY RELIGIONS IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

I. DOUKHOBORS.

Two years ago a considerable sensation was created by the news that a certain Russian sect who had settled in the Canadian North-West, known by the name of Doukhobors, had broken loose, abandoned their farms and set out naked across the prairies in search of the new Messiah. Beyond the fact that the Dominion Government had to take strict measures with them and send out the Mounted Police to round them up and return them to their homesteads, if need be, by force, nothing more was heard of them and even at this present time people so far west as Winnipeg have very erroneous notions concerning these their brother citizens of the Empire. For instance, you will be told that they are a race of religious fanatics who are dull-witted, incapable of prolonged or skilful labor, and a very bad investment for any country in which they settle. The prejudice against them is very strong and usually mixed up with a considerable amount of contempt.

That this should be so is natural, for, in the first place, as refugees from the Russian autocracy they were in the beginning held to be a dangerous anarchical element. Then being men of an alien culture, and incapable of speaking English, they were unable to mingle with the general inflow of emigrants and were led to band themselves into colonies, thereby retaining and reproducing in Canada all the old strange peasant life which they should have left behind them. And, lastly, there was amongst them a certain percentage of the wild, religious, roving element which was the direct outcome of the social conditions of their native land.

Much, therefore, of the ill-feeling

which their advent occasioned was due to misunderstandings arising from their lack of English and their peculiar up-bringing.

In order to form a just estimate of the Doukhobor I visited a colony which had been settled in the country seven years, and which is sufficiently large to be fairly typical of all their settlements; this I found at Canora on the Canadian Northern Railroad.

Canora is a rapidly growing town of only three years of age which owes its beginning to the coming of the railway. The Doukhobors were therefore the first people in this country, being four years ahead of the town, and are to-day very large landowners in that district. On asking the opinion of their English-speaking neighbors, I found that no one had a word to say against them, and that for the most part they were praised. Of their hospitality very much was said, for any man, no matter what his tongue or nationality, who knocks at a Doukhobor's door is sure of a welcome. It is a religious instinct and principle with them to do all that lies within their power for the stranger and to allow no payment. His horse is taken in, and fed on the best fodder which they can provide, whilst the master is given the run of the house.

Men have told me of how on departing they have tried to make some small return by offering money to the children, but they have always been refused it—a self-denial which would be a very severe test to the English child.

After months of travel in the North-West one's eye becomes weary of the low, wooden-built houses of the colonial farmer, and a great longing arises for the quaint red-brick and narrow-gabled homestead of the Midlands. To this monotony the Doukhobor village is an

exception. There is a distinct attempt at the artistic in all his undertakings. The village of which I am about to speak was built upon the slopes of what we should call a glen in Scotland, and was surrounded with a green over-growth of trees and shrubs. The buildings were long and low, made out of rough-hewn trees plastered over with a mixture of clay, dung and straw, whilst the roofs were made of the same mixture and for the most part over-grown with grass and wild-flowers. Some of the walls of the houses had been painted, and the shutters were decorated with bold floral designs mostly of the sun-flower type. The windows were hung with curtains of bright colors and spotlessly clean. Each cottage stood by itself and was surrounded by a garden containing all manner of vegetables. In the midst of the village one immense barn had been built in which all the farm implements were kept. The fields around the colony were well cultivated and bore heavy crops of wheat and oats promising a big harvest. They were however in no ways like an English corn-field but of many acres and quite open. One reason for this is that all their ploughing is done by steam.

On this particular part of the country the steam-plough has not been much of a success, for the farmers don't know how to handle it properly and are therefore giving it up. Within seven miles of where I write a catastrophe has occurred and a steam-plough is lying, and has been lying, in a morass for the last fortnight. The Doukhobors, however, who are reputed to be so stupid, have made their steam implements a success and continue to use them.

On driving into the village I hailed an old white-haired man and commenced to ask him where I could find some one to show me around, but all he could say was "Me no speak English." He, however, soon found and

brought me some one who could. This new-comer was a big, broad-shouldered fellow with a high complexion, blue eyes and flaxen hair—he must have stood at least six feet two. He took off his hat to me (a thing which few men do in the North-West), and shook hands, afterwards kissing my hand. This is the customary mode of greeting with the Doukhobor, save that on meeting one of his brethren he always kisses his cheek. I was very anxious to see them at their religious services, but was told that they only hold their public worship once a day, and that at four in the morning.

This particular settlement consisted of forty farms which were worked in common by the community.

All their earnings are handed over to the head man of their order, Peter Veregan, who invests all the brotherhoods savings for the profit of all. Any differences which may arise are settled among themselves in a religious way, for a Doukhobor makes no use of the civil courts. Indeed, the entire pattern of their lives may be said to be religious and based upon their interpretation of the scriptures. How well the established order of things works amongst them may be tested by the fact that there is no crime amongst them, no drinking, no smoking, and no strong language. Everywhere that I went I met with the spirit of tranquillity and the greeting was always the same—the raised hat and the handshake. They are a people of the Breton type of countenance, broad-faced, with high cheek-bones, eyes far apart and a somewhat flattened nose. They bear the mark of men who have been down-trodden and exploited by one who was stronger than they, but who, having re-asserted themselves, have escaped and found peace.

The women are all dressed in linen stuffs of a subdued color, with white handkerchiefs thrown over their heads

and a bright-tinted cloth around their throats and bosoms. They are of somewhat smaller build than the men, most of them being short, but deep-chested and very thick-set.

All of them work, even the children, but they do it with cheerfulness and with singing, and not as mere drudges under compulsion. Singing is one of their favorite occupations, and it is all religious. When their work is over they gather together in groups and take parts.

Amongst other things they are famous stock-raisers and do not content themselves, as so many of the Western farmers do, with merely growing their crop and then waiting with idle hands through the winter, but they get really good breeds of cattle and attend to them carefully.

The precise form of their religious belief is not very well understood, but the essential part of it in practice is gentleness. So far do they carry this that they absolutely refuse to take life of any kind, and never eat meat of any sort. To judge by their appearance their vegetarian habits agree with them, for in no part of Canada have I seen a community of men and women looking so thoroughly robust, healthy and well-content.

What proportion of the Doukhobors took part in the fanatical search for the new Messiah I have not been able to ascertain, but those English-speaking settlers who live near by say that it was only the less reputable part. In the autumn of last year an attempt was made to repeat the same performance, but it was entirely disconcerted by the officials of their own people.

At that time the Canora Hotel was being built, and amongst those employed upon it were two Doukhobors. When the naked visionaries were passing through the town they attempted to persuade these two brethren to aban-

don their work and accompany them. To this invitation they gave a prompt refusal, saying that the "seekers" were a lot of idle people who preferred wandering the prairies to running their farms, and they warned them not to visit any of the Doukhobor villages in the neighborhood, as they were entirely out of sympathy with the movement. This would seem then to be the true explanation of a curious religious movement which caused so much stir in England, namely, that those who took part in it were the most worthless of their kind and that the whole sect has been judged by its lowest elements.

At any rate, it is quite certain that they are most respected by the people who would naturally have most cause to complain of them—those settlers who are their nearest neighbors.

Canora, Assiniboia.

II. MENONITES.

I had often heard of the Menonites as a strange people with curious beliefs, and it was therefore with no small interest that I learnt as I sat at breakfast in Humboldt that the neighbor on my left was one of that sect. Humboldt is about 400 miles from Winnipeg, and is one of the numerous mushroom pioneering towns which have sprung up within the last year. At first I eyed him with suspicion, and counted over in my mind all the odd people the name of whose religious faction had ended in *ite* whom I had known. This man, however, appeared quite normal, and, with that kindly affability which one finds all over this Western country, soon made overtures of friendship, and ended by asking me to drive thirty miles across the prairie with him to the Menonite settlement. And so it happened that after an all-night railway journey I found myself at nine o'clock on a fine July morning setting out in the company of an unknown man, to visit a to me unknown people.

With a passion for theology equal to anything to be found in the strictest Perthshire village he at once launched out into an exposition of his religion. The Menonites, like the Doukhobors, are frequently sneered at as being a bad class of Russian colonists, yet, strictly speaking, they are not Russians at all. Originally they came from Holland, but left it at an early date on account of the unpopularity of their religious practices. They are really the intellectual descendants of the early Quakers of the Commonwealth period. They do not maintain professional preachers, but depend for public worship upon the laymen of their church. Their philosophy of life is non-resistance, and to this is largely due their unpopularity in countries where conscription is in vogue. So far do they carry their principle that the strictest of the brethren to this day forbid the carrying of fire-arms and the eating of flesh.

They address one another in the second person singular, as do the members of the English Society of Friends.

Dancing is forbidden, as are smoking and drinking, so that in their manner of living they are distinct from any community in which they live.

In the early years when Holland was fighting for her sea-power their refusal to take up arms was naturally regarded with contempt, and they were compelled to emigrate to Germany. With the rise of Frederick the Great martial courage became the standard of excellence, and once again they came in for a good deal of petty persecution. In 1790, according to the Menonite elder who gave me my information, the Czaria of Russia offered them a grant of land and protection, and her offer was accepted. As time went on, however, casuistry found a way whereby the promise might be practically revoked, whilst the actual letter of the pledge was kept intact. Since the Menonite refused to fight he was compelled to

serve in the menial positions of the camp such as horse-tender and dish-washer.

In this way many of the weaker brethren were lost to the faith, since they preferred to act contrary to their doctrines and go in the army as conscripts, to subjecting themselves to the degradation of camp servitors.

When the boom commenced in Canada they were amongst the earliest of the settlers, and the Dominion became to them what England was to the Huguenot.

In all their travels they have preserved their skill as agriculturists and are amongst the most industrious of the farmers.

Of late years the teaching of Swedenborg has carried off many of their young people, insomuch that the very reading of his works is a sufficient reason for expulsion.

Of these things and of many others we talked as the bronco ponies jogged along the trail, and in all his conversation this pioneer farmer proved himself to be a man of keen intellect and exceptionally well read.

Life was for him not an inevitable condition, but a serious occupation and a thing to be studied. These men of the wilds are by no means the untutored coarse people they are commonly thought to be; I am continually surprised at finding, in the most out-of-the-way places, men who think in large terms and who possess well-stocked minds.

The country through which we travelled was one vast carpet of flowers, broken here and there by lakes and small hills crowned with trees. The wild rose grows everywhere in low shrubs just high enough to throw a veil of pink over all the prairie and away to the sky-line. The tiger lily is as frequent in some places as the English dandelion, and shows up tawny from amongst the long blue grass.

One might have shot wild duck by the bagful, for every lake was dotted with them and for the most part near to shore. In a stretch of thirty miles you may usually reckon upon meeting at least ten different representatives from the leading European nations, so that even upon a prairie, 400 miles distant from Winnipeg, you may feel the breath of Paris, of Rome and of St. Petersburg. At first the foreign settlers will try to introduce into their farms the culture which they have been accustomed to in the homeland, so that you will see houses built of rough-hewn logs, of mud, of timber and of sod, each recording the tradition of the man who built it.

At noon we unharnessed our team and sat down to picnic beside a lake. To the fastidious palace our menu will not sound very appetizing: it consisted of the fag-end of a ham, a tin of tomatoes upon the label of which strict injunctions were printed that the contents must be boiled before eating, some very dry bread, and a tin of luke-warm water which we had brought with us. We had no knives or plates, and had to eat with our hands.

On the prairie, even on the warmest day, there is usually a cool wind blowing which gives an appetite which is not very discriminating, the chief necessity being that it must be satisfied. We ate very heartily and watched the horses grazing and switching their tails from side to side, whilst my companion discoursed upon the strange providence which brought two men together, the one from a distant Russian province, the other from the roar of London, and flung them down for forty-eight hours upon an untilled wilderness where only Indians roamed thirty years ago. Then he wandered off into memories of the old life which he had left behind. He spoke of the peasants of Russia, and the tyranny of the officials who govern them. At last we pulled

ourselves together, harnessed our horses, and drove on another fifteen miles to the farmhouse at which we were to spend the night.

The sun was already setting when we drew up, but daylight would remain with us for another four hours. These people had only been on their land since spring, and yet they had 70 acres of land broken and a fine stable erected sufficient for fourteen horses. Most of their ploughing had been done by oxen, three to a team, and as we arrived they were just preparing for another four hours' spell of work. There was something very picturesque about these men with their strange clothes, their broken English and great red and white oxen dawdling up and down the half-mile furrow in the setting sun. The women and children wore no shoes, and some of them carried their long flaxen hair low upon their shoulders. They are a fine people with strong honest faces and large horny hands.

The owner of the farm was a great sportsman and had already procured a bucking bronco which he was accustomed to dare his visitors to ride. My companion accepted the challenge and mounted.

It was a little black animal with a white spot on the forehead, and very long slender legs. At first it stopped quite still like a statue with its small feet well planted. Down came the whip and away it raced, then suddenly stopped, jerking its rider nearly out of the saddle, rose up on its hind legs, wheeled round to the right, nearly turned a somersault, swung round again and was off like the wind. The rider by this time was hanging on to its neck with his feet stretched out behind for all the world as though he were trying to swim. Nevertheless he stuck on and won the dare.

At supper all the hands and family gathered together into the one living-room and bowed their heads in silent

prayer, after which the meal commenced. They laughed and talked, telling jokes now in Russe, now in German, and now in English, whilst behind the thin partition the horses kicked and fretted.

When the meal was ended we harnessed up a fresh team and drove twenty miles through prairie grass a foot and a half high, and visited the farmers in the vicinity. They were all of a type, being men of light complexion and big physique. Most of them had fine cattle, for the Menonites are noted throughout the West for their splendid horses.

At ten o'clock in the evening we turned homeward. Overhead the moon was shining and the stars were out, but along the horizon the pale blue and delicate purples of day still hovered. Then to the accompaniment of thudding hoofs and the switch of the long grass, they struck up the old-world hymns and love-songs of the Russian countryside. After each burst of singing, they would remain silent for a while, as if recalling the former places and past days in which they had sung those self-same songs.

Then again in low tones some one else would take up the burthen of memory and one by one the rest would join in.

All the men folk slept in the stable on hay and rugs, and I with them.

Next morning we arose at five, held the short five minutes of silent prayer, once more renewed the old friendly conversation of the night before as we sat at breakfast, and at last, with regrets for the happy time which we had spent together, rose up and went upon our way, they to the plough and I to my travels.

Lloydminster, Alberta.

III. RED INDIAN CHRISTIANS.

That night I slept in a tent surrounded by the intense quiet of an uninhabited country.

Before turning in, I had stood at my tent-door, watching the dull-red glow of the Indian camp fires, and wondering of what the Indians' real life consisted, whether it was merely a matter of earn and spend, or if there might not be something a little more intense.

They had just come in from up-river, bringing with them two boat-loads of furs, consisting of the last winter's catch.

One crew were from Nelson River, the other from Split Lake; the first, as I was informed, being staunch Anglicans, the second Methodists. I found the idea rather amusing, for I had seen these high churchmen dancing and singing all day, and thought of them only as so many grown-up children. I remembered the stately secluded chapels of Oxford, with their dim lights and surpliced priests, and could not help but wonder what answer they would return to those unkempt men of the woods should they claim acquaintance or come to worship with the undergraduates.

Far out on the lake the sunset lights still lingered, gradually working round toward the dawn, for in these northern wildernesses of Keewatin the sun never wholly disappears in the summer months, but, as if to make amends for the long, dark winter days, always leaves a little torch of promise burning somewhere along the horizon. Certainly there was a religion in these lonely places which appealed to the civilized man, and caused him to think; but what of these others to whom God had become so accustomed?—had they ceased to observe Him? Away in the distance, a husky dog began to howl, and every other in the vicinity took up the chorus of misery. It seemed to come as an answer to my questionings. These men were wild and wolfish as the animals they drove, they were untameable, and at bay against the

world. Their religion could be only an amusement—nothing more.

So it was that I had lain down to sleep amongst a strange people whom I could not understand. Next morning I was awakened early by the sound of singing. It was not the kind of singing to which I had been accustomed, but very low-pitched and throbbing with passion. I closed my eyes and listened. It brought back to me the distant roar of London on a summer's night, when the loud outcry of the day has sunk away into the subdued complainings of a restless city which tosses even in its sleep. It was wild and thrilling, and yet so suppressed that at times it almost died away in a whisper. Over and over they repeated it, until at last it took shape and form. They were singing the *Te Deum* in their native Cree; singing it as though they were not quite sure whether they were worthy to praise the same God as the white man, but praising Him notwithstanding.

How typical this singing is of the river Indians as a race! They are so gentle and so uncommunicative that on first acquaintance one is apt to take their gentleness for humility and their fewness of words for dulness of wits. At the back of all surface appearance they possess a fundamental sternness, grown into and made a part of their innermost being through long years of solitary wanderings in unfrequented woodland paths. When you encounter Nature in the vast untamed forms of uninhabited lake and wood, she is not the winning mother whom we love to think of in our happy English farm-lands, but seems aloof and austere, with the suppressed emotion of one who has thought the world back to its beginning, and has failed to comprehend. A something of this same grandeur of reserve has found a place in the soul of the Indian, so that when he worships, it is not with the clash of

brass nor the vigor of exclamatory prayer, but with the timidity of the wild things of his native forest, as one who fears the friendly hand.

Only in his worship does the Indian betray his deeper feelings. At all other times he is the happy child who is well content with the pleasure of to-day.

On arriving in their camp, the fires were once again kindled, breakfast was in preparation and all signs of emotion gone.

The Indian has only one way of preparing a meal. He takes a quantity of flour, mixes it with water into a thick paste, and then spreads it out with a depth of about half-an-inch upon a flat surface before the fire, until the outside becomes hard and brown. The result resembles in taste the ship's biscuit which we ate in the days of our prodigality at the sea-side, only the dough in the centre remains uncooked. This is washed down by the blackest of black tea without any admixture of milk, and accompanied by half-inch slabs of greasy bacon.

On such fare the Indian will hunt, row, paddle or drive his dog-team for days at a stretch, and return at the end of his voyage well-nourished and cheerful.

When all was ready, they sang together their version of our English grace, "Be present at our table, Lord," after which, with a clatter of tins and a chorus of contented grunts, they set to work upon their half-cooked dough.

After breakfast, the canoes were made ready, and the little steam-launch which we possessed stoked up in order that a trip might be made to the Mission, three miles distant.

This was a great event. These Indians had come, some two, and some three, hundred miles from the North—it was their summer holiday, their annual trip to Southend. Each man put on what he considered to be his best; gaudy scarves were quite in

fashion, also watch-chains of recent purchase. They came aboard the launch in twos and threes, holding hands like little children. Some of them had never seen anything in the shape of a steamer before, and jumped back afraid when the engineer opened the steam-escape.

When the launch was so full that it could hold no more, the remainder tumbled into their canoes and followed in our wake. The Methodist missionary in the north is very severe at times in his notions of what is proper; the gentleman whose church we were about to visit was specially averse to smoking, dancing and cards.

The Indian, for all his simplicity, is a very cunning fellow. At the commencement of our voyage all the pipes were in full blast, but long before we reached shore every trace of tobacco had vanished, save from among the naughty white men, who did not seem to care.

The Mission-house was a long, gray building standing on a little bay with a small village clustered round it, and an Indian school in the rear.

Our advent created a considerable excitement; such a congregation had not been seen within those precincts for many a long day. We were in all at the least two hundred and fifty strong, and packed close almost to suffocation point.

As a special courtesy to the white men present, the service was conducted in two languages, English first, followed by the Cree translation. We were an odd sight, take us all in all. Squaws with crying children on their backs, Indian hunters with bronzed keen faces drinking in every word, half-breeds with ear-rings and tails of beaver hanging from their caps, white traders leaning back with an amused smile playing around their lips, and the missionary's family setting an example of devout and pious attention.

We traversed several of the beautiful Wesleyan hymns which I had heard sung under such different circumstances in the villages of England, and at last came to the sermon.

The text was becomingly appropriate—"Now are we the sons of God"—Indians and white men with their diverse records and their small knowledge of one another's ways all included in the same category as sons of God. I looked at them, and saw the various emotions chasing across their dusky faces, and then looked at my British brothers with their sneering indifference, and wondered which had the more just claim to the title.

On our return journey, the Split Lakers and Nelson men had little to say. When we had travelled a fitting distance from the shore, they re-lit their pipes, and, still holding the hand of a friend, sat brooding over what they had heard.

Not so we of the paler hue. Criticism was rampant, and the sermon was discussed, much to the detriment of the preacher, whilst these other sons of the same heritage sat and thought.

Sunday with the white man is not a day to be scrupulously observed; it is more convenient for the sorting-out of the tattered fragments of the past week, the balancing of cash accounts and the taking stock of stores.

With the Indian, curiously enough, it is a day of devotion. They sat in groups and talked in low voices, every now and then raising a hymn. The Church of England party had with them a native catechist who read and made comments on the Bible in an informal way, after which all joined in the discussion.

At length the quiet Northern evening began to gather, and the long shadows spread over lake and river; the last sound I heard as I turned in for the night was the old martial strain which I had heard the Honorable Artillery

play as they marched out of the barracks in City Road long years ago, when I was a little boy, "The Son of God goes forth to War," but no longer

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wondered what part these red-skinned people of the barren lands had in His campaign.

Coningsby William Dawson.

Nelson, B. C.

AMELIA AND THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. KINGDON'S PROFESSION.

It was not easy to believe that a man who had Mr. Kingdon's high fresh color could be in any but the very best of health, nevertheless Dr. Charlton received a note from him one morning requesting the doctor to come round and to bring his stethoscope with him.

"It was very kind of you to call," said Mr. Kingdon, when the doctor came in.

"Not at all, not at all," Dr. Charlton responded. "It is my business, my profession, to come when I am summoned—often," he said, looking keenly at the very healthful complexion and singularly clear eye of his patient, "to see people who certainly do not appear as if they had anything very serious the matter with them."

Mr. Kingdon seemed quite to appreciate the point of the remark and smiled as he said, "Perhaps not—no, I believe I have not at all the look of an invalid, and I am sure I hope it may prove that I have not much the matter with me, but I have been a little anxious about my heart: perhaps quite unnecessarily. I should be much obliged, however, if you would sound it."

The doctor accordingly went through the usual forms and ceremonies, and was able to reassure Mr. Kingdon that the vital organ was in a most healthy condition.

"I am very glad to hear it," said the patient, in a tone which seemed to the doctor to imply that he would have

been very much surprised had it proved otherwise; and then he added: "Since you are here, doctor, there is just another little matter, nothing at all to do with your profession, that I should like, if you do not mind, to mention to you."

Then the doctor knew that the real cause of his summons was about to be disclosed.

Still Mr. Kingdon hesitated a moment or two before beginning, and when he did begin it was with a violence that quite surprised Dr. Charlton, and was the more remarkable because his usual manner was so very composed and quiet.

"I wish I had never come to live down here. I wish I had never seen the place."

"Yes?" Dr. Charlton said drily.

"Yes," said the other, quite understanding why the doctor answered him so drily. "I know that it is a foolish way of beginning a story. I will try to tell it a little more clearly. I suppose you don't know what my profession is, do you, doctor? Or perhaps you do?"

"I have not the least idea," the doctor answered.

"Well," said Mr. Kingdon, "I am a money-lender."

He looked at Dr. Charlton after saying it as if he expected him to make some comment, but the doctor said nothing, and Mr. Kingdon added: "I suppose you think money-lender pretty much the same thing as thief, don't you?"

"Well, I should imagine this, Mr.

Kingdon," the doctor replied, "that it's quite possible and quite easy to be a thief both in your profession and in mine. For instance, it would be quite easy for me to send you in a bill for a professional visit to-day; you would probably pay it, and I might take the money; in which case I should, of course, be a thief, for it is very evident to me that you knew quite well that there was nothing in the world the matter with you, and that you played your weak heart merely as a bit of groundbait to bring me here. We are now, I take it, occupied with the real purpose of my visit. But if it's quite easy and possible to be a thief, either in your profession or mine, I believe that it's quite possible, though obviously not nearly so easy, to be an honest man in either of them. So far as the professions go I do not seem to see much difference in that regard, and I do not imagine that there are likely to be many more or less thieves in one than in the other."

"Thank you, Dr. Charlton, thank you," Mr. Kingdon said; "I cannot ask you to speak any fairer than that. You have put my mind much at ease, and I can now talk much more clearly and reasonably with you. When I say that I wish to goodness I had never come near this place, I don't want you to think that I am complaining for a moment of the treatment I have received from you or from any other single person in it. They have all been exceedingly kind to me. Of course I am not such a fool as to suppose that a man such as I am is fit society for a lady like Miss Carey, for instance. I know how to behave myself in her drawing-room, and I do not think I do any harm by going to tea there when she is kind enough to ask me to come. I am not wishing to push my way at all. But what I do feel—what does make me wish I had

never come near this place and had never seen it—is that poor old gentleman, Colonel Fraser, and his girl. It is dreadful."

"I don't understand," said Dr. Charlton. "What is dreadful about it? Of course they are poor, but so are a lot of the rest of the world; there is nothing so very dreadful about that. And of course he is getting a bit old; but that is a very common way of the world too, and nothing so very dreadful about it."

"What is dreadful is to feel that I have brought them to it—or at least to feel that they, or the Colonel at least, must think of it like that. Every time that I go in and out of the gate I feel that their eyes are on me, reproaching me, saying—in their hearts at least—that I am like the cuckoo that has turned them out of their nest."

"I still do not understand quite clearly," said the doctor, "but I am beginning to."

"Yes—you will be beginning to, no doubt. Of course I did not know anything of this Colonel Fraser personally. Of course I did not know anything about this house, or the neighborhood, or anything else; and equally of course I was not in any real sense the cause of the Colonel's troubles. He was in very deep waters before he came to me. People generally are *in extremis*, as you would say in your profession, doctor, before they apply to mine. But he applied to me in answer to one of our ordinary advertisements, and in the ordinary course of business I advanced him money on the security of this house and took the title-deeds over. He could not meet the interest payments, and so, always in the ordinary course of business, I foreclosed. I do not think any one could say that I dealt hardly with him. I gave him an extension again and again; but it was no good, and in the end he quite agreed himself that it was better that

I should take the security over and so relieve him from the interest liabilities. All this while I had never corresponded with him personally: it was all done through my man of business, you will understand. I only just looked at the letters now and then and agreed to the granting the extension, and to the final arrangements. And I had no idea in the world of ever coming to live here when I took the house over. I intended, of course, to sell it, and I do not think I should have made much of a profit by it if I had done so. I need not trouble you with figures, but I had advanced a sum against the title-deeds far larger than an ordinary mortgagee would have advanced—very likely up to the full value; I do not know. But before putting it up to sale I thought I would just run down and have a look at it. I liked the look of the place. The soil was evidently very good for rose-growing, and it was a pretty country for riding about—and those are my two hobbies. So the long and the short of it is that I decided to come and live here, and—that is the whole story."

"I see, I see," said the doctor. "And now you regret it?"

"I regret it, yes," Mr. Kingdon answered, rising from his chair and pacing up and down the room. "I regret it only for one reason. The neighborhood is a charming one; the soil is good; every one that I have met has been exceedingly kind to me—much kinder, I have no doubt, than they would be—than they will be now, perhaps, when they know what my profession is."

"I shall certainly not tell them without your authority to do so," the doctor said, as Mr. Kingdon paused doubtfully.

"That is kindly spoken," said the money-lender, "and I think, since you are willing to look at it in that spirit, I will put it like this—I will not give

you any authority to do this or that about it. I will ask you to do as you think fit. However, that is of very little moment. What I was going to say is that I regret having come to live down here for one reason only: I am haunted, it is exactly as if I was haunted, by the thought of that poor gallant old gentleman and that sweet young lady that I seem to have hunted out of their own house and home. It is dreadful to me meeting them as I go out. It is dreadful for me to have to return that poor old gentleman's salute. It is so courteous, and so distant too. It is such a reminder to me, all the time. I am not a sentimental man, as you may suppose, doctor, and I am not a soft-hearted man—our profession is not one that makes us sentimental or tender-hearted—if that old gentleman were to scowl at me, or to cut me (as he very well might), or to abuse me, I should not mind it a bit. I should grin and bear it, and rather enjoy it. I am used to that, quite used to it. But what I am not used to is being treated in the way he treats me—no doubt what you would say is, and of course it is perfectly true, that I have not been used to gentlemen. And to think that he should never have said a word to any one, to any of the neighbors, to give me away—to tell what my profession is! Oh, it is wonderful! It is wonderful!"

Mr. Kingdon paused to blow his nose in a red silk pocket-handkerchief.

"He's a very fine specimen certainly," said the doctor, "of a soldier and a gentleman—and a fool."

"A fool, oh yes," said Mr. Kingdon. "A fool certainly; but what a deal better to be a fool like that than a knave like some—like most. Our profession, Dr. Charlton, as I daresay you may suppose, does not bring us into close contact with the very best people in the world. I have always realized

that. But I tell you very truly that I have never realized that there are in the world any people quite so good as one or two that I have met, and who have met me as their equal, since I have been down here."

"I can very well believe it," the doctor answered, his thoughts travelling, whither Mr. Kingdon's had most probably preceded them, to Miss Carey.

"Yes, it is true. Well, I am afraid I have been a bore to you. I felt that I had to unburden myself to somebody; I couldn't bear it kept in to myself any longer; and I felt somehow that you would not misunderstand me. I felt that I was living among all the kind good people here as such a fraud too. I do not mind so much now that I have told you; and whether you tell them or not, it is for you to judge. Of course I supposed at first that Colonel Fraser would have told everybody. I was fully prepared for that. I suppose it is, as I said before, that I did not know exactly what sort of thing a gentleman was. That was part of my reason for bothering you with all this that you have been good enough to listen to so patiently; but I had another reason too, and that was to ask you, who know the people, and all about them, so much better than I do, whether there is any way in which I could possibly help them—the Colonel and his granddaughter, I mean—could make restitution in any way. Of course they are so proud, that kind of person, aren't they? One could not offer anything exactly. Is there not any way?"

The doctor shook his head. "I am afraid not."

"I did not know," Mr. Kingdon proceeded, "whether it would be possible to tell the Colonel that some of the moneys that had passed from his hands to mine had been invested in a manner that had proved unexpectedly profitable, and I could tell him that he

was entitled to the proceeds. He is so very simple about business matters that I wondered whether it would be possible to do anything in that way."

The doctor shook his head. "It would be very difficult. He is simple, as you say, but he is terribly proud. I am afraid he would see what you were aiming at, and if he did he would resent it dreadfully."

"Yes," Mr. Kingdon answered sadly. "I was afraid you would say that."

"As they say in the 'Arabian Nights,'" said the doctor presently, "if that old soldier's story were to be graven on the eye corners it would serve as a warning to whomsoever would be warned. I know no other in which one may read quite so plainly certain interesting lessons in human nature. He was always a saddened man, a reserved, shut up man, even when he first came to occupy this house which is yours now. He has had a succession of blows in his life. In the first place—or in the first place so far as I know anything of his story—he has been saddened by the death of his young wife, to whom he was, I believe, very fondly attached. Then there came the affair of his daughter running off with that young rascal Robin Rivers, and he grew more and more sad and stern. Then this grandchild turned up, as if she had dropped from the clouds, and in her companionship the man's whole nature seemed to expand itself and soften. After that, as you know, the old fool began to speculate, lost all his money, fell upon bad times; and the effect has been to make him more crusty and reserved again than ever. He is only like that with grown men and women though. Do you notice how gentle he is with children? He has a heart of gold under that rough old shell."

"It is of better stuff than gold, doctor," Mr. Kingdon declared—he had perhaps found reason, in the pursuit of

his profession, to consider gold less good than some men deem it; "but I wish you could find a way by which I might turn a little of it into his pocket. That is the prescription that I should like you to make up for me—I will promise you to take it."

But Dr. Charlton, as he went out, shook his head.

"I would help you if I could," he said, "and willingly. It is not you that I doubt taking my prescription: the trouble is with the other man—to make up a prescription to disguise the taste of charity so that a proud man can take it without making a face. It's a bitter drug to a palate that's not used to it."

A little way down the road the doctor met Miss Carey. "Did I see you coming out of Mr. Kingdon's house, Richard?" she asked.

"You did, Amelia," he replied.

"I suppose you know nothing—you have learnt nothing—of Mr. Kingdon's antecedents?"

"Not much, Amelia. A little, vaguely. I think we should not be wrong in describing him as a 'practical philanthropist.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

It was not often that we saw anything in Barton of Mr. John Rivers, commonly known as Jack, who was heir to the property and to the Riverslade barony. When he did appear he was always a gallant sight. He had been educated at Eton, and was a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment at the time when he came into this little drama as an important person. Although he was the heir, he seldom came to the Castle. It pleased both him and Lord Riverslade, whose nephew he was, best that they should see as little of each other as was seemly, in consideration of their rela-

tionship in blood and succession. Very probably his lordship did not dislike him personally; to dislike him seemed scarcely possible, he was so handsome and gay, so well pleased with himself and the world and all that it held for him, excepting always his uncle, so confident too that the world would be well pleased with him again, perhaps, excepting the uncle. No doubt it is proper to love an uncle, especially if one is to receive a title from him at his death; but Lord Riverslade, from all we could learn, made it exceedingly difficult for his nephew to love him. The very fact that he, and not Lord Riverslade's son, was to be the successor, perhaps was enough to dispose his lordship against him, and whatever the reason may have been it is certain that Lord Riverslade delighted to wound him with caustic speeches, delivered in the most courteous and even courtly manner. Perhaps the delight would have been keener if the wounds had appeared to be more poignant, but though Mr. Jack had no quick wit at command, as his cousin Miss Sophy had, to turn back on the speaker the point of his stinging words, he had a gay *insouciance* and *debonair* manner (it appears appropriate to use the French words to describe a disposition that was perhaps rather more Gallic than British) which seemed to toss the missiles off, "like water from a duck's back," as the proverbial saying goes. Still, they wounded just enough to make his uncle's presence anything but pleasant, and Mr. Jack was very careful to arrange his visits to the Castle so that they should fall in with the times when Miss Sophy was there too.

"Prince Rupert" was our name for him in Barton. I think it was Dr. Charlton who first dubbed him with it, and a title never seemed better given. He appeared to us, whose experience of cavalry soldiers was rather limited,

as the very type of what one of them should be. We could picture him, with his eager face and dark flashing eyes, leading his men in the charge, his steed at the gallop, his lance in rest, the plume from his helmet sweeping back in the breeze, the sleeves of his hussar jacket waving. Or did the lancer regiments not wear hussar jackets? We were not quite sure; and Miss Carey, to whom we referred naturally as an authority on military matters, was not able to tell us. But in any case we formed a very gallant figure of the young man; and among the fancy pictures that we made for him was one in which he should be kneeling at the altar rails in Barton Church with his cousin, Miss Sophy, at his side, while the vicar in his pleasant voice pronounced over them the solemn words of benediction that should make them man and wife. I have no doubt that we should have painted that picture in far more bold and vivid colors than we did, had we known how entirely its realization would have pleased Lord Riverslade. Although the two young people were first cousins the idea of a marriage between them possessed the more than compensating advantage, in Lord Riverslade's eyes, of continuing the title in the direct line, if their union should be blessed with children.

Miss Sophy, with the natural heedlessness of her character, often recounted to us, in her amusing way, the hints that her father threw out to her now and then, indicating his wish for a union between the cousins. "And of course I told him," said Miss Sophy, "that it was most indelicate of him to speak of marriage to a girl of my age, that it was not at all *comme il faut* before a *jeune fille* and so on"—she was in fact six-and-twenty and a year or two older than her cousin—"and that, of course, threw him into an awful passion, a white hot passion,

and he put on the voice in which he speaks to the Queen and said that I was a charming *ingénue*. I love father when he puts on that voice, and says that sort of thing in his best Court manner. But oh," she went on, "you should see poor Jack with him, when he gets like that. Jack does not know what to answer him a bit, but just stands there and looks uncomfortable and giggles. The two of them are just as good as a play. I love to see them together. Jack doesn't love it though."

When "poor Jack," as his cousin called the dashing young officer, was at the Castle, he spent most of his time out-of-doors. The occupations that some few men are able to find for their leisure indoors had no attraction for him. He was out on horseback, or with his gun or his fishing-rod, all day long, and thus contrived to escape from his uncle's tongue during all but a very few hours of the twenty-four. A trout stream meandering from the westward flowed through the Castle grounds, and the fishing in it was owned for a mile or two to the west by Lord Riverslade. Mr. Jack Rivers would start out in the summer mornings soon after breakfast, when the weather was favorable, sometimes with Miss Sophy or with a guest staying at the Castle, but more often alone, and taking his luncheon with him would fish up towards the head of the water, casting his fly into all the likely places, and filling his basket with bright little fish. I believe that the trout in many other streams would run to a much larger size, but those in this stream had the reputation of giving great sport, for their weight, to the angler, and certainly they were excellent on the table. At one point a public footpath or right-of-way, which led, if one cared to pursue it far enough, from Barton village right to the market town of Y—, came down from the ridge on which the village stood

to the river and crossed it by a little swinging bridge, then followed its course for half a mile or so before turning southward towards the town.

One evening Mr. Jack, returning from his fishing, found Miss Sophy presiding by herself over the five o'clock tea-table, which was set out in the shade of a large and widely-spreading cedar on the lawn before the Castle. His face, which was commonly so cheerful, had an expression of such unwonted thoughtfulness that his cousin at once inquired what the matter might be.

"My dear Sophy," he said, "I have seen an angel."

"An angel! Really," the young lady replied flippantly. "How very awkward! Weren't you rather embarrassed? How was he dressed?"

"It wasn't a he," he said. "It was a she."

"That makes the situation worse—much worse."

"Oh, don't be a fool, Sophy," he said ungallantly. "I have seen the most beautiful creature in the world—a girl."

"Why, of course. You mean Vera. You are right. She is an angel, or as good as one, and as beautiful."

"Vera? What, that old Colonel's granddaughter and our—?"

He paused, puzzled to name the relationship.

"Yes—my niece, and your cousin once removed. I can tell you there is no reason to be ashamed of her, Jack."

"I should rather say there wasn't," he affirmed; "but how is it that I've never seen her before?"

"Because you're always so unlucky in not being well on Sundays, so that you are never able to go to church. It must be dreadful to enjoy such bad health as you do on Sundays, Jack. Should you not see Dr. Charlton?"

"Give me some tea, Sophy," he re-

plied, "and don't talk nonsense. It seems to me, though, as if I must have seen her before, only I've never happened to notice her."

"Of course you've seen her before, heaps of times, only never with quite the same eyes. Oh, you donkey, Jack, don't you see that you've fallen in love?"

"I haven't fallen in love," he declared. "And I don't see why I'm a donkey, even if I have. You say yourself she's an angel."

"She is an angel, Jack; that is to say, she is a very dear girl," Miss Sophy said, speaking with far more seriousness than usual. "But you know the story, and, knowing that, you must know that you will be a donkey if you allow yourself to fall in love with her. You know that father would be furious (and I do not see that one could very much blame him) at the bare idea of your marrying her."

Mr. Jack played what Miss Sophy, in telling us about it, called the "devil's tattoo" with his knuckles on the tea-table for a little while, and then he said, "Yes, I do not doubt that all you say is right, Sophy, and I won't forget. You are quite right. She is a pretty girl, though."

"So I did my duty," said Miss Sophy, narrating the sad story, "and it is not often that I do that. And what do you think is the reward I had for doing it? Why, that the wretched boy went down to fish at the river the very next day, and there, by what he told me was perfect accident (I daresay neither of them quite knew whether it was design or accident or what it was), there was Vera too. And so it went on that day. And then I knew by Jack's sudden devotion to fishing, and by the terrible habit of sighing he was falling into when he was by himself and thought no one was looking, that he was meeting her day after day and falling deeper and deeper in love.

And what in the world was one to do about it? It was no good talking to him—I had tried that right at the start, before he had become hopeless. The last person I could think of speaking to was father. And of course I could not speak to Colonel Fraser, and Vera herself—of course she's as innocent as a tiny baby—she's the one person in the place who doesn't know her own story. Oh dear, I'm so miserable for her, and I'm so miserable for Jack too. I love them both so much, and they're both laying up such misery for themselves. Tell me, you good people, do, what I am to say or do about it. There is no one else to advise me."

All this she said to Miss Carey and myself in Miss Carey's parlor; and when she had told it all we were quite at a loss to know how we ought to counsel her.

There were some moments of silence before Miss Carey said, "I have often thought lately that the time had come when it would be right that dear Vera should know about her parentage. Poor child! One would naturally wish to keep her in ignorance as long as possible of what is such a painfully sad story—so grievous for her. But what you have told us, Sophy dear, makes it still more evident that she ought to know. I think, Sophy, you had better let me take the matter out of your hands for the moment; though I am sure," Miss Carey added, as if she feared that she was assuming too

much, "I am sure that no one could be less fitted than I am for a mission that requires so much tact; but Colonel Fraser is such an old friend, and as he stands in the position of guardian to dear Vera—in a parent's place towards her—I think it would be better that I should say something to him—not about your cousin, Mr. Jack, my dear," she said hastily to Sophy, fearing that the girl might misunderstand, "but merely to tell him—of course it will be very painful and difficult for me, but I think that I shall be able to manage it without giving him offence—that it is perhaps time that his granddaughter be told something of her history. He would not, I think, take it amiss from me."

Certainly it seemed as if Miss Carey's instinct had found the solution, so far as it could be called one, of the difficulty. Miss Sophy would very likely have welcomed any scheme which relieved her of the responsibility that had weighed so heavily. But after all, if the girl had to be told the story, and painful as it was we were all agreed that it was time she should be told, her grandfather seemed the right and proper person to tell it. So we resolved, in our wisdom, sitting at our council table in Miss Carey's parlor; but in the meantime events were moving under some other guidance, and the solution of Miss Sophy's difficulty was reached in quite a different way.

(To be continued.)

Horace G. Hutchinson.

GREENWICH TIME.

The Royal Observatory at Greenwich was founded by Charles II., in 1675, expressly in order to make astronomical observations which would help sailors to determine their position at sea. A sailor wishes to know two

things—his latitude and his longitude. To determine the former is a simple matter. If any one were to start from the equator and travel due north, he might see the Polestar rise from the horizon upwards, and the height at

which it was seen would be an exact indication of the distance he had travelled northwards—that is, of his latitude. A sailor can therefore find his latitude by noting the height of the Polestar above the horizon; though it is more convenient to him to observe the height of the sun at noon, which by a slight calculation gives the same result. Those who have been at sea are familiar with the noon observation, made with the sextant from the ship's deck. Another, rather more complex observation is made earlier in the morning, with a chronometer to supplement the sextant. And this observation now determines the longitude; but in the seventeenth century chronometers had not been invented, and this observation was impossible. The determination of longitude was a great unsolved problem of navigation, and the common expedient was to reach by any route the right latitude, and then to lay a course due east (or west) until the desired port was sighted. On at least one occasion the mistake was made of sailing exactly in the wrong direction—say east instead of west—the port being really behind the ship instead of in front, as was supposed; which will sufficiently illustrate the great vagueness in navigation caused by the difficulty in determining longitude. There were, of course, various suggestions offered for solving so important a problem; and one such suggestion, made by a French adventurer, Le Sieur de St. Pierre, came to the ears of Charles II. The King made inquiries as to its value, and learned that a young clergyman, the Rev. John Flamsteed, was able to indicate not only the worthlessness of St. Pierre's suggestion, but the possibility of a sound solution of the problem, if only observations of the moon and fixed stars could be made at a fixed observatory for some years. The Observatory was accordingly built at Greenwich,

"For," the King said, "I must have these observations made for my sailors"; and further, when asked who was to be put in charge, he replied, "Why, the man who told you of the need of them." And so Flamsteed was made the First Astronomer Royal, and put in charge of the Observatory with the magnificent salary of 100*l.* a year, out of which he was to provide his own instruments. Since that time the Royal Observatory has not ceased to devote itself to solving the problems of navigation, and though it is not our immediate purpose to discuss the solutions in detail, a glance at the nature of the longitude problem and the history of attempts at the solution is not without interest for the present situation.

The difficulty of finding longitude arises from the rotation of the earth. If the earth did not rotate longitude could be found in exactly the same way as latitude, for a traveller starting from a place on the equator where some bright star was seen on the horizon due east, would, if he travelled towards it, see it rise in the heavens (just as he would see the Polestar rise by travelling due north), and the height to which it rose would indicate the length of his journey eastwards—that is, his longitude. But the rotation of the earth insists upon carrying him eastwards in any case, so that even if he remained in the same spot the star would still rise, and its height would then indicate the time elapsed since he first observed it, as he could readily verify if he possessed a watch keeping correct time. If, being provided with such a watch, he set out on a journey, the height of the star at any moment would be due to a combination of two causes: first, the rotation of the earth, for which he could make allowance by consulting his watch; and, secondly, his journey eastwards, the length of which he could accordingly

calculate. Nowadays the sailor finds his longitude just in this way, by carrying a good watch or chronometer with him on board ship. But to make a chronometer which would keep time correctly at different temperatures, and in the other varying circumstances of a sea voyage, was regarded in Flamsteed's time as hopeless—certainly as the least feasible of possible methods for finding longitude. There is, however, a clock in the sky which is independent of the imperfections of human workmanship; indeed, there are many such, for every planet which changes its place among the stars is an indicator of the correct time, if we are able to read it. These clocks have, however, all one serious defect—they move far too slowly for convenient reading. The quickest of them, the moon itself, takes a whole month to perform the circuit of the dial, and to read the time correctly is thus sixty times as difficult as to read it *from the hour hand* of an ordinary clock, which performs its circuit in twelve hours. To read seconds from a clock we arrange mechanism to multiply the motion of this hour hand 43,200 times—720 for the minute hand, 60 for the second hand; and yet, though the sailor is specially anxious to read seconds, the moon only provides him with a clock moving 60 times more slowly, rather than 43,200 times more quickly. Nevertheless, in spite of this serious defect, the advantage of knowing that the time given is correct is very great, if only we can properly interpret the indications of the clock, for, besides the physical difficulty of reading an indicator which moves so slowly, there are theoretical difficulties of a grave kind in interpreting the indications. The moon does not move uniformly, but has countless vagaries or inequalities. We know now that they can all be deduced from Newton's great law of gravitation by exact calculations; but these calculations re-

quire enormous labor, as well as numerous observations to provide a starting-point. But when Flamsteed proposed the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, Newton had not yet enounced his great law, and it was only *surmised* by Flamsteed that if sufficient observations of the moon were made, some general law would be found running through them good enough to enable sailors to read the clock. It must have required immense courage to set out on such a campaign. Looking back on the history of our Royal Observatory, we may say that there was no more glorious moment in that history than the foundation.

It is a curious incident in the subsequent history that Halley, the second Astronomer Royal, should have turned to a totally different method for finding the longitudes by using magnetic observations; curious because the lunar method was undoubtedly put on a much firmer basis by the discovery of Newton's great law, in which Halley himself had taken immense interest, and which he had been the direct means of publishing to the world, for he had, in fact, although a poor man at the time, paid for the publication of Newton's "Principia" out of his own pocket. Moreover, Halley had taken a leading part in making such calculations as are required to find the place of a planet in the sky from the law of gravitation, especially turning his attention to comets, and incidentally had proved the periodic return of the great comet which bears his name, and which we hope to see again in 1910. But perhaps he also realized, for the first time, the immense labor required to form tables of the moon which would enable the moon-clock to be properly read by sailors; and he may well be forgiven if the prospect appalled him, for it is only now, after centuries of labor, that something like a solution of this problem is being at-

tained. However that may be, his attention was certainly diverted from the astronomical to the magnetical method of finding longitude, and he himself captained a ship and made two long voyages in order to see whether what is called the deviation of the compass could be used to find longitude. It is a familiar fact that the compass does not point due north. In England, at the present time, the deviation from due north is about 17 degrees. If, keeping to the same latitude, we were to go right round the earth, we should find this deviation change, and therefore the value of the deviation would be an indication of our position in longitude; but the important question is, *How much does it change?* If the changes were large enough we could certainly determine longitude by observing them; but Halley found that they were too small for the purpose, and this suggestion for finding longitude was accordingly abandoned, though it does not seem impossible that some instrumental improvement may at some time in the future again bring it under notice. Meanwhile it became clear that, however enormous might be the labor, the astronomical method of finding longitude must be resolutely attacked, and the third Astronomer Royal, Bradley, accordingly made a wonderful series of observations of the fixed stars, sun, moon, and planets, which have formed the basis of all our modern knowledge of the kind. But he did not arrive at any practical method for the sailor. This was reserved for Maskelyne, the fifth Astronomer Royal (Bliss, the fourth, only held office for two years), whose lot it was to adjudicate upon the relative merits of practical schemes of both this type and yet a third, which may be called the horological. For the invention of the sextant by Hadley, and the publication of Mayer's tables of the moon, made it practicable to read

the moon-clock; and at about the same time a chronometer was made by John Harrison which, as it was claimed, would keep correct time in the varying circumstances of a sea voyage. Maskelyne himself tested both methods by actual voyages, and found them both so successful that he suggested the division between Harrison and Mayer of the reward of 20,000*l.* which had been offered by the Government for a solution of the problem. But Harrison clamored for it all, and finally got it; though it is of interest to recall that it was necessary for him first to disprove a charge of witchcraft by showing that his wonderful clock could be duplicated by another workman.

Enough has perhaps been said to illustrate the intimate connection of the Royal Observatory with the whole history of the problem of determining longitude. But it will be readily understood that in course of time the original simplicity of the problem has become superseded by intricate complexities. To take one instance, which is also important for our purpose. The sailor, as has been remarked, now takes to sea with him a chronometer which keeps nearly correct time. Before leaving England he virtually sets it to Greenwich time, so that he carries Greenwich time with him wherever he goes. But even the best chronometers do not go perfectly, and when the sailor reaches a foreign port it is important for him to check the performance of his chronometer. For this it is necessary to know the longitude of the port, and in this way the problem of finding longitude at sea suggests the rather different problem of finding the longitude of places on land. In this latter case we are free from many of the disadvantages which attach to making observations at sea. Instead of the sailor's sextant, held in his hand as he stands on a swaying ship, we can set up fixed instruments of great stability

and accuracy. In recent years it has been possible to compare the clocks at observatories thousands of miles apart by means of the electric telegraph. The difference of longitude can, accordingly, be found with an accuracy far exceeding anything required by the sailor, but which is, nevertheless, not nearly sufficient to satisfy requirements which have arisen in other directions. For these differences of longitude are an essential part of our knowledge of the shape of the earth and of its size. If, for instance, we find that two places are separated by just one-quarter of the earth's circumference, and we measure in miles by survey operations the distance between them, we can infer the circumference by multiplying by four. But we must not forget that we are assuming that the four quarters will be all similar. To test this we should measure each of them separately, having previously determined the separation into quarters by longitude operations; but as yet this has not been done by any means completely, and though it seems probable that we shall find the quarters to be dissimilar, we can as yet only guess at this result, for only very small portions of the earth's surface—parts of Europe, India, and America—have been properly surveyed. In reference to all such work Greenwich occupies a most important position as the reference-point for longitudes, a position which was not suddenly assumed, but grew with the growth of our navy and marine.

The character of our Royal Observatory at Greenwich is, therefore, three-fold. Started on a purely utilitarian basis to provide for the needs of sailors, its work was next led in a scientific direction by the nature of the astronomical problem to be solved, and ultimately the use of Greenwich time by sailors and the adoption of Greenwich as the starting-point for longi-

tudes on charts gradually led to the Observatory assuming an international character. This third character was formally acknowledged at two important International Conferences, in 1881 and 1884, at Rome and at Washington respectively, when it was resolved, with practical unanimity, to adopt the meridian of Greenwich as the prime meridian.

At the meeting of the Board of Visitors in May last the Astronomer Royal made an announcement of danger threatened to the Observatory, which caused some considerable anxiety, not only to the members of the Board itself, but also, when the facts were published, to a much wider circle. It has, indeed, been extremely gratifying to note the widespread sympathy of the public with the interests of the Observatory when they learnt that a large electric generating station, erected by the London County Council half a mile to the north of the Observatory, threatened to interfere seriously with its work. The interference is, generally speaking, of two kinds: first, smoke and hot air from the enormous chimneys of the station will, no doubt, interfere with the observations of stars in the north, especially near the horizon; and, secondly, even the engines at present installed, which are only a fraction of the power which it is proposed to establish, are apparently of sufficient power to shake the Observatory. It is perhaps superfluous to add any considerations of an aesthetic nature; but it is certainly a little startling to find that the view of the Observatory buildings from the west side of the Park now includes in the picture the tops of the tall chimneys, in spite of the fact that the Observatory is on a hill 150 feet above the river bank, whence the chimneys spring. The work of erecting the generating station is, in fact, already well advanced, and to make any change in the plans may be

very costly. A strong committee has been appointed to consider the whole situation. The Admiralty have nominated Professor Ewing, whose name is perhaps best known as having so rapidly developed the School of Engineering at Cambridge, but who is now the Director of Studies at the Naval College at Greenwich; and Lord Rosse, son of the Lord Rosse who built the famous telescope, and himself a considerable astronomer. The London County Council have nominated Sir Benjamin Baker and Mr. C. V. Boys. All these are eminent men of science, in whose hands we may contentedly leave the matter for the present. The committee is, perhaps, on paper, a little deficient in astronomical knowledge of the particular kind required, for even Lord Rosse's studies have not taken this particular direction, and the other three are rather engineers than astronomers. But no doubt the Astronomer Royal and his assistants will be able to supply the technical information necessary. In one respect the committee is fortunate, for Professor Ewing was one of those who began the study of earthquakes in Japan, and his experience will, no doubt, stand him in good stead in considering questions regarding tremor.

But meantime there are several points on which those interested may like to have some information. First and foremost there is the very natural question whether the Observatory ought not, even in its own interests, to be removed from Greenwich, and it is most important that the very natural misconceptions on this point should be removed. It is argued that owing to London smoke and fog, the climate of Greenwich must be deteriorating rapidly, and it is assumed that this deterioration will go on continuously. Hence it is supposed that at some time or other, and probably the sooner the better, it will be necessary to remove

the Observatory to a distance from London. It has been added (by some who might have known better) that the instruments and appliances at Greenwich are old-fashioned and out of date, and that the opportunity might well be taken to get at the same time a hand-some, brand-new equipment.

Every point in this specious argument is, however, false. In the first place, the climate of Greenwich is not essentially spoiled, and a couple of illustrations will be sufficient to demonstrate this fact. About a year ago two new satellites of Jupiter were discovered by photography with a powerful telescope, in the beautiful Californian climate of the Lick Observatory, by Professor Perrine. One of them is so faint that the discoverer himself believed that a really fine climate, such as that of California, was needed to photograph it at all, and he expressed the opinion that it would be hopeless to attempt to do so at Greenwich. But within a few days of his statement successful photographs were obtained in thirty minutes, and later even in seventeen minutes. Again, one of the most searching tests of a good climate is provided by the observation of close double stars; yet during recent years first-class work of this kind has been done at the Royal Observatory, using the large telescope which was set up, with some courage, in 1896 by the present Astronomer Royal. We say advisedly "with some courage," because there were eminent astronomers who did not hesitate to prophesy failure for the proposal, one of them even going so far as to forecast a "gigantic scientific fiasco."

And this brings us to the second point, the question whether the equipment at Greenwich is old-fashioned. There is one instrument at Greenwich which is more than half a century old and in constant use to-day—namely, the transit circle; but so far from its age

signifying any defect, it is its chief glory. During half a century the observations churned out by the Greenwich transit circle have formed the basis of the knowledge of exact astronomy for the whole world, and with every added year of life, *if maintained in the same conditions as heretofore*, that classical instrument will, by lengthening the series of observations, rapidly increase the value of the whole. The instrument has undoubtedly some defects, but these have been well studied, and allowance can be made for them. It is undoubtedly desirable to build a new instrument in which as many as possible of these defects are removed, and this was done about a dozen years ago. But it is a common experience that, in avoiding known defects, we may introduce others, and it would not be safe to abandon an old instrument, the behavior of which has been studied, for a new one still to be tried. In one special sense, therefore, the equipment at Greenwich is not modern, and we may rejoice that it is not. But in other directions the same considerations do not hold. Where new instruments could be introduced without disadvantage they have been so introduced. There is the large telescope, mentioned above, with which double stars are observed; and there are two other fine telescopes, presented by the late Sir Henry Thompson, which, though not the largest in the world, are capable of doing work at least comparable with that done by the largest.

The needs for additions and improvements of this kind are continually arising, and continually being met, so far as funds will allow. If money were more plentiful, doubtless more could be done, but in any case there is no advantage to be gained by a clean sweep and the erection of new instruments. Much that is vital would be lost or destroyed by such a course; and as regards the rest, a fraction of the

sum required for a new equipment would, if expended on the present Observatory, secure a greater advance. Returning to the climate, it is, of course, not claimed that the London smoke does no harm, or that better sites could not be found elsewhere. But the harm is not so great as might be thought, for the reason that it is largely intermittent. Some nights are completely spoiled, as when there is a dense fog; others are spoiled more or less; but there are apparently a sufficient number of fine nights when the baneful influence is barely perceptible, and so long as this remains the case there is no need to remove the Observatory in its own interests.

It remains to emphasize the reasons why such a removal would be disastrous; and they are concerned principally with the international character of the Observatory, rather than with its utilitarian or astronomical side. It was stated above that the Greenwich Observatory has been adopted as an international standard of locality, and the reasons against altering it, or attempting to make a copy or other substitute for it, are similar to those which obtain in the case of all standards. Such reasons are, perhaps, more readily apprehended in the simpler cases, such as those of the standards of length and of mass. As an essential point, we may notice in the first place that the accuracy aimed at in the standard of length far exceeds, at the present time, the accuracy needed in transactions of buying and selling in common life, though the need for a standard of length undoubtedly grew out of the need for uniformity in these ordinary transactions. In early times the meaning of one yard was very vague, and deviations from uniformity were gross. It was at one time a step in advance to get the yard fixed within half an inch, though later it was found

necessary to reduce this error, and the subsequent history of the standard yard has been one of ever-increasing accuracy in definition. At some time or other in this history the needs of the tailor or draper were amply satisfied without further refinement; but meantime other needs, such as those of the carpenter, and the mechanic, called for increased accuracy; and though in turn these might be satisfied, others would follow them. The very study of accuracy invents needs of its own. So, in the case of Greenwich, a standard of locality was originally needed by the sailor; but the accuracy of definition required is not now limited by the satisfaction of his needs. All this is obvious enough, and most people who think at all about the matter would probably admit unquestioningly the desirability of aiming continually at the greatest possible accuracy in all standards, whether of length, or mass, or locality, or any other measurable commodity.

What is, perhaps, not so obvious is the impossibility of satisfactorily *copying* a standard. This is not a mere difficulty of exact reproduction, for the standard of length, for instance, may be said to be copied when we make a bar of quite different length, if only we have full and accurate knowledge of the difference between the two in terms of either. The difficulty arises from the continual increase in the accuracy desired, and from the successive discovery of new sources of error. Suppose for a moment that we go back to the time when it had not yet been realized that metals expand as the temperature rises, and that we imagine a copy of a standard metal bar then produced. It would be compared with the standard, but there would be no thought of noting the temperature as essential, and when at a later period the influence of temperature was realized, the earlier com-

parison, however carefully made, would be worthless. If the standard bar has been properly preserved during the interval, a new comparison, with proper precautions, can now be made and the omission so far rectified. But it is to be remarked that it is an essential condition that the standard be preserved intact. There is no fear nowadays of our not paying sufficient heed to temperature in comparing a copy with the standard of length; but there may be countless other matters that should be noted, and that our successors will regret that we have not noted, because they will by that time have learnt their importance. The position of the bars in the building, some circumstances of their history, the amount of radium which had been in the vicinity of either—such things as these may be found to have an importance which we do not now suspect, and the careful comparisons of the present day may be worthless from the standpoint of posterity. If the standard bar is carefully preserved they may be able to rectify our omissions. Even this is not certain, for we may neglect some essential precaution in the very preservation of the standard; but it is the only chance we have of saving the situation, and to neglect to preserve the standard with the utmost care is to throw away even this chance.

There are similar grave dangers in neglecting to preserve the standard of locality. At first sight it might seem feasible to build a new Greenwich Observatory far from the London County Council and all its works, to determine the position of the new observatory relatively to the old, and then to abandon the old site in favor of the new. Those who proposed this plan would probably admit that the determination of relative position must be made with extreme care, and might involve great and protracted labor, but would not admit that this was a fatal objection.

And they would be so far right. The fundamental objection to the plan is that, granted a determination of relative position with all the accuracy we can now command, it is practically certain that the relentless advance of science will presently render this determination obsolete. Our successors will wish to go to another decimal place, and they will then find that there are some factors which they will have learnt to regard as essential, but which we have neglected, so that they will not be able to bridge the gap between the old observations and the new.

It should, perhaps, be explained that the relative position of the two observatories would have to be determined astronomically, and not by measurement on the earth's surface—or, rather, in addition to the latter. By actual measurement over the surface we could find that the new observatory was, say, twenty miles due south of the old with an error of inches only; but for astronomical purposes we require to know the angle subtended by this distance at the earth's centre, which cannot be inferred, but must be independently observed. We know, of course, that the earth's radius is about 4,000 miles, and that the angle must be, therefore, about seventeen minutes of arc; and we can express the angle much more closely than this, knowing that we shall be very near the truth. But beyond a certain limit of definiteness we cannot advance, because we should be assuming accurate knowledge of the radius of the earth, which is only inferred from just such measurements of angles as we should be evading by this process, and we should, therefore, be arguing in a circle. The error might be small, but it is of a type and a magnitude which are the subject-matter of investigation. The astronomer must measure, not distances in miles, but angles between the directions in which the heavenly bodies are

seen. If a telescope placed accurately vertical at one observatory were found to point to the centre of the moon, one at an observatory twenty miles away, and also placed vertical, would point just outside the disc. The two telescopes would represent two lines drawn from the earth's centre to the two observatories and produced upwards to the sky; and it is the business of the astronomer to measure as accurately as possible the angular distance between the points where they reach the sky. He must thus be able to set his telescope vertical with the utmost accuracy, and for this purpose he utilizes in one way or another the horizontal surface of some liquid, either of mercury in a trough or of alcohol in a level-bubble. When an observatory is subjected to tremors, these liquids are disturbed, and his observations of verticality are rendered difficult or erroneous. To those unaccustomed to astronomical work it may give a clearer idea of the issues at stake if the amount of shake is translated into a familiar equivalent. It has just been explained how twenty miles on the earth's surface corresponds to an angular distance of 17 minutes on the sky; and all astronomical angles can be expressed in terms of distances on the earth's surface in this way, so that instead of saying that tremors amounting to three seconds of arc have been observed at Greenwich from the engines of the generating station, we may say that the Observatory was virtually displaced backwards and forwards over a range of 100 yards. Now this would not have seemed a large quantity to Halley; he used to say, "Take care of the minutes (of arc), and the seconds do not so much matter"; or (translated as above), "Take care of the miles, and the chains do not so much matter." But nowadays 100 yards is an enormous quantity, for astronomers can measure to within a few

feet. It has been shown, for instance, that the earth's poles are not absolutely stationary on its surface; they wander about in complicated paths, which modern astronomy is able to describe to within a foot or two, and the widest deviation is not more than a few yards. Again, the angular distance in longitude between the observatories of Paris and Greenwich has recently been determined by several laborious series of observations in the years 1888, 1892, and 1902, and the final result has an accuracy corresponding to about five feet on the earth's surface. These illustrations will suffice to show the delicacy required in modern observations of this kind, and the serious nature of disturbance from tremors. We might make a random shot at the middle of the 100 yards over which the Observatory virtually oscillates, but should we be correct to 5 feet?—even to 5 yards?

And this is not the only effect of tremor, though it is the most obvious one. At the recent meeting of the British Association attention was recalled to some almost forgotten experiments made half a century ago on the effect of tremors due to railways. The effects were of four kinds, of which one (the disturbance of the liquid surfaces of reference) has been just considered. Another is interesting enough to deserve passing mention, though it would take too long to deal with it fully here. Dr. Robinson found that if he set a telescope to point to a star, and then a train passed, the vibration shook the telescope into a slightly different position. If his explanation be correct, this would not necessarily recur with the passing of a second train, though he does not explicitly say so; he supposes that when a telescope is pointed in the ordinary way, somewhere or other there are strains or frictions, and these are relieved by the shaking. If they are wholly relieved the second train would, of course, pro-

duce no effect. With continuous tremors, such as those from engines at a fixed station, if there is any effect of this kind, the telescope would shake down after a more or less definite interval into a permanent position; it might also reach this position when such engines were not running, but the interval would be longer. Hence the observations would differ in the two cases, systematically, by quantities which might be small, but which would be all the more troublesome to determine; to measure them observations made alternately under both conditions extending over many years would probably be required.

And this brings us to the consideration of what can be done to save the situation as it now stands. Undoubtedly, the Observatory cannot be moved; undoubtedly, it would be better for the Observatory if the generating station could be entirely removed. Certainly any new extensions or developments of the generating station should be strenuously resisted. But to remove what has been erected would be costly, and it is an obvious duty to save unnecessary expense if possible. Assuming that the actual removal of the station is successfully resisted, what conditions short of this ought to be insisted upon as a minimum?

The answer to this question is, no doubt, being considered by the committee above mentioned, and will be made public in due course. The answer here given simply represents the personal view of the present writer, and must not be taken as in any way official. With this word of caution he may, perhaps, be allowed to state clearly and emphatically his view that it is essential to secure for the present an undisturbed interval during the twenty-four hours during which observations can be made under the old conditions (so far as we know), for comparison with those which must

now be made under new conditions. The details will, no doubt, require consideration, and too much must not be conceded by the Observatory. The Observatory staff cannot be expected, let us say, to be content with a single hour between 3 and 4 A.M., or anything like it. The best time for them would be from sunset to midnight, but if this is not feasible conflicting interests must be adjusted as fairly as possible. In any case a large amount of extra work will be thrown on the Astronomer Royal and his staff in separating the numerous observations into two categories and comparing the two; and it must not be forgotten that they will have this additional burden even if the hours are made as convenient as possible. There ought also to be certain undisturbed whole days in the year—at least one per month—when observations could be made under the old conditions throughout the twenty-four hours; otherwise, observations of the sun and certain other objects would never be made under the old conditions for comparison with the new. But this is all a matter of detail. The important point in principle is that undisturbed periods, to be selected by the Astronomer Royal, should be reserved in the interests of the Observatory. If this is done, the sacrifice by the London County Council can be reckoned, we know, in pounds, shillings, and pence; if it is not done, the loss to the Greenwich Observatory and to the interests of mankind is irreparable and impossible to estimate.

That is the situation as I should prefer to state it; but these words may be too general to carry conviction. I may perhaps be pardoned, therefore, for adding, in illustration, a concrete instance of the manner in which technical scientific difficulties may at any moment become of immense significance to commerce and diplomacy, even to life itself. For this little more is neces-

sary than to quote a couple of passages from the short account of the work of the Indian Survey, recently published by Colonel Burrard, R.E., F.R.S. He writes on p. 5:

If we sum up the errors in position accumulated on our frontiers, they are as follows:

Peshawar has been placed too far north in latitude by 400 feet owing to figural errors, and by 600 feet more owing to errors of location on the globe; it is thus shown on our maps 1,000 feet too far north.

(Other statements follow, but need not concern us.) If these quantities seem large, it is to be remarked that they represent the unavoidable extreme errors of the greatest piece of survey work which at present exists. By "figural" errors are meant errors in the assumed figure of the earth, which is deduced from astronomical observations of the kind made at Greenwich. Any imperfection in these observations is, therefore, reflected, as an error in survey. Now for the international aspect of this matter.

As to the error of 1,000 feet in the latitude of the triangulation at Peshawar, this accumulation causes at present no inconvenience; but if our triangulation ever comes to be connected with Russia's, the overlap in latitude will amount to half a mile or more, because Russia is projecting her triangulation on too small a spheroid, just as we are doing. The two surveys will then have different values of latitude for every boundary pillar. It is impossible to foresee now what course they will agree to take, but if we may judge from examples in Europe, they will refer to the International (Geodetic) Association, and they will perhaps be advised to correct their data.

Devoutly is it to be hoped that Colonel Burrard's forecast of so peaceful a solution may be fulfilled; but who that knows anything of boundary ques-

tions can be blind to other possibilities? It is but a few months since a boundary question seemed about to involve us in war with Turkey; some accident may so precipitate matters as to render a peaceful solution of the Indian frontier question impossible. When such issues as these are bound up with questions of scientific accu-

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racy, we must recognize that the case was not overstated by one of the members of the Board of Visitors when he replied to a tentative suggestion of moving the Observatory: "Move Greenwich Observatory? We should be lucky if it cost us less than a battleship!"

H. H. Turner.

THE GHENT SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS.

Not far from the beautiful town hall of Ghent and the imposing cathedral of St. Bavon runs an obscure and narrow street, the Rue Basse, and there early one Sunday morning we were directed to No. 6, the babies' dispensary. Ghent, though not so beautiful as the neighboring town of Bruges, is picturesquely situated on several islands at the confluence of two rivers, and it was formerly the capital of the County of Flanders. At the time of its greatest splendor it numbered a quarter of a million of inhabitants, an energetic, independent sort of people, always at war with their counts or their kings. The birthplace of Charles the Fifth, its turbulent independence was a source of great anxiety to him, and finally determined him in 1540 to construct a great citadel, from whence his garrison could dominate the town. After the erection of "this tomb of their privileges and prosperity," the town steadily decreased in numbers until something of the former prosperity was brought back by the introduction of the spinning-jenny, the building of a port and of the Terneuzen Canal, and, finally, the founding of a university under the Dutch dominion. But Ghent has not become again a residential town, its population of 162,000 consisting principally of workers in the textile mills. Wages are low and hours are long, and a very large num-

ber of married women are employed in the factories. This fact alone probably accounts largely for the rate of infant mortality, which had reached in 1901 the very high figure of 333 deaths per 1,000 births, as compared with 208 deaths per 1,000 births in Burnley, one of our worst English towns.

This terrible slaughter of infants came to the attention of the *Vooruit* or "Forwards" Society of Socialists, working men and women endowed with the true fighting spirit of the earlier town burghers, whose enemy this time was not a count or a king, but Death. Among them a young doctor set himself to devise a complete system which should not only save the infants of the present, but should also prepare the young mothers of the future for their responsibilities. He started about five years ago the "Society for Helping Mothers," under the auspices of the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, an old endowed and rate-aided charity, and his kind invitation enabled us to see something of his unique work. (By "us" I mean a party of members of the Women's Co-operative Guild who had gone to Belgium to study the work of foreign co-operative and socialist societies.) We found Dr. Miele in his little consulting-room, opening out of a large waiting-room, where a number of mothers sat with their babies. Everything was scrupulously

clean, and the white walls were decorated with attractively painted Flemish mottoes, such as:

Een moeder die heur
plight voldoet
Heur kind met hare
borsten voedt.

(That mother does her duty best, who feeds her children from the breast.)

Luistert naar dokters
wijzen raad
En niet naar ieders
zot gepraat.

(The doctor's wise advice obey, don't heed what foolish prattlers say.)

We were given seats on a bench with three nicely dressed girls of from eleven to fourteen, who were watching the proceedings with the greatest interest. The doctor explained that they were candidates for his course in child nurture, and that they were expected to watch the consultations for some time before joining in the practical work of the course.

Two of the students were there, neat young girls of fifteen or sixteen, hard at work weighing the babies, marking charts, and taking temperatures. As each mother came in she placed her baby in the weighing cradle and handed her chart to the doctor. After he had verified the weight, he took the child himself from the scales and held it so gently in his strong hands that not a single baby, even the sickest, cried at his examination. After asking the mother a few questions in Flemish about the child's health and her own, he wrote the necessary order for the next week's milk or specially prepared food, and gave it to the mother with a printed card of directions for feeding, selected from about ten varieties of cards. The mother then deposited her payment, any sum from one to fifteen centimes (under $\frac{1}{4}d.$ to $1\frac{1}{2}d.$), according to her means, and retired with her baby. With prompt precision, but

with no sense of hurry, child after child was seen, about forty being presented in less than two hours that Sunday morning. On weekdays one dispensary is open at eight in the morning, the other from six to eight in the evening. The consultations are longest in the summer, and when there is an epidemic of diarrhoea they sometimes keep the doctor and his young assistants busy for four hours and more.

As we understood no Flemish, Dr. Miele kept up a running commentary on the cases in excellent English. Here was a woman with her sixteenth child, which had inherited a severe disease from the father, here was a delicate seventeenth child, here a tenth, and again a tenth, all under weight. Here came a twelfth child, very small and consumptive, the mother, "a good woman but short of feed" from her husband's low wages having already lost eight children. Of a family, where eight, again, had died, another eleventh baby was being treated, but it was not so small as the baby of a bobbin spinner. The worst cases, indeed, were the babies of those mothers employed in linen factories, who not only cannot themselves care for their children, but who also suffer in health from the necessarily humid atmosphere of a linen mill. The damp steam from water, often putrid, is particularly bad for their breasts. The Belgian law, like the English, allows women to work up to the time of childbirth, requiring a compulsory rest of four weeks afterwards.

But Dr. Miele welcomes healthy babies, as well as sickly ones, as long as they are brought to him regularly, and he showed us several fine-looking ones, with a chart line *above* the average. One such baby was brought in the arms of a splendid-looking old woman, "the great mother," Dr. Miele explained, "who is very fearful and comes every day." A neat-looking

young mother presented a fine child of three months. "She lost her first baby, and the husband was so upset that he sent her very often to consult me before the birth of this baby." But we were told that some of the healthiest-looking children had no real stamina, but would fall away terribly after only one day's illness, and then recover very slowly.

Here was a mother to report on the illness of a baby, whom the doctor promised to visit later in the day. "That child has a cough, and I never allow coughing children to come here, or, of course, children with any infectious diseases." Here was an older sister, of twelve or thirteen, with the baby. "I encourage the sisters to come," said the doctor, "as it teaches them early the care of children." Here was a very dirty baby, the only dirty one we had seen. "This is the mother's first visit, and I shall not say much about cleanliness," said the doctor, "for she will see the standard of the other mothers, and will not bring her baby dirty a second time. The mothers learn quickly, and are very obedient to all my orders, though 25 per cent. of them cannot read the cards." (Education is not compulsory in Belgium.) It is a question whether the better educated English mothers would be so amenable to orders, but the mothers of Ghent certainly deserve great credit for their contribution to the striking success of Dr. Miele's work. Out of a thousand children presented yearly, 27 per cent. died the first year, but now the mortality is only 4 per cent., though many of the children are, of course, peculiarly delicate.

In a long talk, after the mothers and babies had gone, Dr. Miele explained to us the interaction of the twelve different "services," as he calls them, which makes his work so unique. First the dispensaries, with 1,000 ba-

bies presented annually for treatment, four-fifths paying, one-fifth free. Secondly is the "service" of the "visiting mothers." Unlike the health visitors of Huddersfield, Finsbury, &c., these mothers are themselves working women, and are chosen by the doctor from those dispensary mothers who show most evident proof of intelligence and devotion to the work. Having been well trained by him in the care of babies, and in the preparation of their food, they go at his request to visit the inexperienced mothers in their neighborhood, and take under their protection the ill-cared-for babies. They receive no pay, but are proud of the honor of being chosen by Dr. Miele, who could not speak too highly of their helpful zeal, from both the practical and the moral point of view.

The third "service" is the Mothers' Friendly Society, in which any mother can enter any baby under fifteen months by paying fifteen centimes (1½d.) a week, or, if very poor, seven centimes (less than 1d.) a week, even these small payments being suspended in the case of unemployment, or of long illness. For this sum, and if it is brought regularly to the dispensary, the baby is entitled to receive free every sort of medical aid, including vaccination, and the mother is helped if she is in great trouble or want. More than 400 children are entered in this Friendly Society, and the mortality is practically nothing.

The fourth "service" is the Ghent Milk Depot, from which the *Bureau de Bienfaisance* distributes humanized or sterilized milk to indigent babies, on Dr. Miele's orders. More than 400 babies have been brought up on this pure milk.

The next "service" is one of giving milk, again by the doctor's orders, to indigent mothers who are nursing their babies. One quart is given every day, and this not only improves the moth-

er's health, and the quantity and quality of her milk, but also serves as a valuable moral support to young nursing mothers. We saw one mother who had been receiving this milk, and her baby was a fat little thing, well above normal weight.

A further "service" is in the milk depots in different parts of the town, where sterilized milk is sold at thirty centimes a litre (about 3d. a quart) or at 2d. or even 1d. to the very poor mothers of the Friendly Society. Further, Dr. Miele prepares in his own home a number of special foods for babies' digestive troubles, selling them at from three to six centimes a meal (just over or under ½d.).

Another "service" consists in health talks to mothers, given on Sundays during the winter, illustrated by lantern slides and by the exhibition of babies' hygienic clothing, &c.

The ninth "service" is a course on child culture for girls of from fourteen to eighteen. Besides a simple theoretic course in anatomy and infant physiology, the girls have practical courses in the preparation of sterilized milk and of all food for infants, in the dispensary work of weighing, marking charts, and taking temperatures, and finally in the *crèches*, where for a time each pupil takes sole charge of one baby. For the first two years these girls, though they come from working-class homes, are paid nothing, but at sixteen they begin to earn twenty-five francs (1*l.*) a month, rising to thirty francs, and this is considered good pay in Ghent. This "service" is one of the most valuable, as it not only assures to the doctor a constant supply of willing young helpers, but also educates, for their future career of motherhood, a large number of the working girls of the town. Dr. Miele has a similar practical course of training for foster-mothers, who are entitled to receive one or two or even more babies, either

every day or altogether, according to the wishes and means of the mothers employed in factories. This system has an obvious advantage over the old way of confiding the baby to a neighbor, who is not necessarily fitted for the work. These foster-mothers are trained and inspected, taking the babies very week to the dispensary, and they are very proud of the diplomas given after they have been successful with their charges. Each of Dr. Miele's four small *crèches* is presided over by one or more of these foster-mothers, and the really intelligent ones are being trained (the twelfth "service") for special nursing of skin diseases, consumption, &c., and even for the care of incubator babies. (There are no properly trained nurses in Ghent, nor is there a hospital for children.)

Dr. Miele was kind enough to show us two of these model *crèches*, where he receives ill or delicate children. We were particularly interested in one little girl, a tiny seven months' baby, who had just spent two months in the doctor's beautiful and expensive incubator, and we were told that she would soon be a fine big baby. None of the infants ever have diarrhoea in his *crèches*, although 58 per cent. of the dispensary babies have it in some form every summer. The doctor only charges 4*s.* weekly for each *crèche* baby though it costs him 8*s.*, without reckoning his own time and efforts. Towards the expenses of all his twelve "services" the *Bureau de Bienfaisance* only grants him 1,500 francs (60*l.*) yearly. Besides this he has very little pecuniary help, but he manages to keep down his expenses somewhat by interesting and utilizing poor women as visiting mothers, foster-mothers, and pupil nurses, and the *Vooruit* encourages its members to help. The Society for Helping Mothers is only a nominal advisory board to the doctor,

who thus carries on almost single-handed this splendid work. And yet a more modest man never lived. In his reports, which are all issued in the name of the "Ville de Gand," his own name is never mentioned, he simply appears as "the doctor of the Society."

"When I am gone," he said earnestly, "the town *must* feel responsible and *must* carry on this work, as it is all done in their name. They get all the credit, and receive all the awards and medals." I feel that it is the least tribute I can pay to this generous and public-spirited man to mention his name in connection with a work which is practically unique, as nowhere else is there, as far as I know, such a *complete* system of fighting infant mortality. Babies' dispensaries have been opened in France and Turin, while New York and many towns in England have established milk depots and health visitors, but it is Dr. Miele alone who has inaugurated a School for Mothers, and who trains the future as well as the present generation of mothers in the care of infants. Which of our philanthropic societies will be the

first to follow his example in England, or will the work be undertaken by friendly or co-operative societies, or by trade unionists, or perhaps by wealthy individuals? Or will it be taken up by municipalities, or by education committees? Why should not every elementary school contain a dispensary for babies, where the elder girls could be trained, as the daughters of artisans are being trained in Ghent? Must we wait for the enlightened Socialist State to take definite action to stop the terrible waste of infant life in England? We are told by Dr. Newman, in his valuable book on Infant Mortality (recently published), that our infant death rate is not declining, though our general death rate is. Children under twelve months of age die in England to-day in as great numbers as they did seventy years ago. And this means that we are suffering not only a loss of 120,000 infant lives every year, while our birth rate is declining, but it also indicates a prevalence of those causes and conditions which in the long run determine a serious degeneration of race.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Alys Russell.

NE CORAM POPULO.

For reasons, excellent and no doubt inevitable, the social world has hitherto revolved around the dinner-table. When first primitive man made overtures of friendship to his fellow man, he did so by inviting him to share his rude meal. The proof of a great man's power was shown by the places at his table where his followers ate at his expense, and later on, when social distinctions had become important and varied, all his household sat at meat with him, the menials below the salt. No important event in the life of man, from his birth to his death, has es-

caped being marked by a feast. His health is drunk on the first day of his life; he is christened to the clatter of plates, married with an orgie of eating and drinking, and at his death the funeral baked meats mark his disappearance. And the way between these great events is dotted with feasts. The boy's speech-day at school, the day his boat goes head of the river; the day the man proposes to enter Parliament, the day the electors back him in his proposal; the day he becomes mayor, and the day he gives a pump to the village green,—all these days

are marked by banquets which linger long in his memory and warm his enfeebled digestion. Institutions whose powers for good or evil have long passed away still totter on, kept in life by dinners. What would Masonry, or city companies, or any sort of combination, political, social, historical, or sentimental, be if the ceremonial dinners were taken away from them? How much would charity be diminished were it not stimulated by the furnaces of public feasting? We are born, we are wed, we collect our rents, we win our successes, we determine on war, we make peace,—amid a clatter of dishes. Record the historic banquets of the world, and you will write its history. Think of the great feasts of fiction in which figure the boar's head, the Christmas turkey, the Michaelmas goose, the roast beef of Old England, the haggis of Scotland, the frogs of France, the sauerkraut of Germany, Italian macaroni, and the sherbet of the harem. What would the *Satyricon* be without Trimalchio's banquet? How many of the pages of Dickens, and of other authors, would be lifeless if you took away the knife and fork? Do we not feel secure in the Arab's tent when once we have broken bread with him and snatched a piece of flesh, with rather reluctant fingers, from the stewed goat he has provided for us?

Though the glutton or the drunkard may be considered bores, the great eater and the great drinker, seen from the outside, is a pleasant fellow, a good sort; we would trust him, we like him, we admire him, we emulate him. For all his other qualities Falstaff might be dead by now were it not for his cups of sack. It is always your real villain who refuses his food; if only he can eat heartily there is some good left in him. It was the lean man whom Cæsar disliked to have about him. In old days one who was but a poor trencherman was no more a good fel-

low than in later times he who went to bed sober was a gentleman.

And if public feasting has ever been the most important of social functions, drinking in company has played as great a part in civilized life, going into sinister places where eating could not penetrate. Deeds good and deeds evil, new acquaintances made, old acquaintances renewed, the memory of absent friends, the triumph over enemies,—all are commemorated by the clinking of glasses. It is far easier for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven than for a man who doesn't drink to enter into many companies in this world. Even woman is celebrated in an old song as proving an excuse for a glass; and many things other than women are reckoned at the same high value.

Without any doubt the history of civilization commenced when men began to eat and drink together; but this amiable habit has long since achieved all the good that could be expected of it. Its results have been pleasant and far reaching, and they will not easily be destroyed. The question now arises whether the habit could not be dropped by modern peoples with benefit to themselves, just as other habits, innocent enough and useful in their day, have been discontinued, and would in our own day be held barbarous and unseemly if revived.

Should people resolve to eat in solitude, there can be no doubt that the result would be an increase in their health and their happiness, while there would also result a very pleasant decrease in their expenses. The many minor inconveniences which such a change would at first involve would soon be minimized by habit; the compensations would be both many and immediate.

Of course there are people who uphold the habit of eating in public on grounds of health. They need not be

nervous of trying a change; more digestions have been spoiled by feasts than were ever ruined by solitary meals. Does not the Pope eat at a lonely table? The plea that a man eating alone will bolt his food will not hold. Pigs gather round a trough and devour as fast as they can; cows munch contentedly gazing on a quiet meadow. Man, not being a pig or a cow, can feed at what pace he likes, be he alone or in company, save that in company he must keep a certain time with the others. Again, the fear that a man dining alone will make but a poor meal is needless. It is only because a man has a habit of feeling in company that he neglects himself when he finds himself alone. When once the habit of solitary feeding has been acquired nature will assert herself, and a man will eat quite as much as is good for him. If, on the other hand, freedom from the eyes of neighbors may be thought to encourage gluttony, the answer is that a glutton can indulge himself if he will in any circumstances; but under the new *régime* it will be at his own expense. As to the political value of eating in public, man may now be considered to need no factitious aids in arranging his affairs with his fellows.

There remains, then, only the pleasure of eating and drinking in society, and the discomfort of giving up the habit. What is the pleasure? And how much discomfort would ensue from solitary feeding?

At the present day too often the sitting down to a meal with one's fellows is the preliminary to a discussion on ailments. The number of things which people are not allowed to eat or drink for various horrible reasons is appalling. Every dish calls to memory some malady or other, from the soup, which is fatal to a ruined digestion, to the sweets, which are poison to persons suffering from acidity,—and in these

days who, however charming and agreeable to all appearance, is not chock-full of acidity? It is impossible for the bravest man not to repress a shudder as he sees an obviously greedy fellow-creature reluctantly refusing a dish; he knows that the man is paying for some one's excesses, and that his own time is coming. People's constitutions have got so complicated that whereas once upon a time only kings suspected poison in their food, nowadays poison lurks in every plate for every man. To take a glance at the dining-room of a hotel is only less horrible than visiting a hospital ward. Beside each plate is some monstrous bottle of mineral water which tells a gloomy tale of its owner. Yes,—obviously such a man would be drinking Vichy; that woman was cut out for Evian water; the poor old creature who is shuddering as he refuses salad rightly gulps down his St. Galmier; what a pity that such a cheerful-looking fellow as that other should have to content himself with Mattoni water, yet he is one of the lucky ones, he and the woman having a debauch of Apollinaris. It is a sad sight, and it would be so easy to hide all these little confessions of weakness.

What chance has the diner-out of being completely happy? Can you keep up your spirits when you see a man putting a tabloid into his whisky and soda-water and you realize that he is undergoing a twenty-one days' cure? And, these horrible things apart, the mere actions of eating and drinking are neither pretty nor conducive to showing people at their best. It is really a most uncouth sight to see a man or a woman stoking food; the necessity of being polite at the same time makes it uncomfortable as well. No sooner have you got into conversation with a pleasant woman than the soup in your moustache stops all inspiration. She despises you for your play with

your napkin, and your moustache is out of shape. And who can feel that the evening is going to be what he hoped when he realizes that his shirt-front is smirched with some relic of the meal?

Indeed, dinner-parties are really a struggle between eating and talking, a struggle which does not always end, as do most things, in the survival of the fittest. As one can't speak with one's mouth full, and first hunger must be appeased, conversation and eating go on rather as a game, the one person whipping up some food while the other is speaking, and then in his turn speaking in order to enable his partner to get some nourishment. To talk or to eat might be a sensible question at the beginning of dinner, but it is not one likely to be asked; one is seldom sure which is least worth sacrificing, the food or the conversation. How much simpler it would be if we fed apart and indulged in conversation afterwards. It is a mistake to suppose that eating and drinking stimulate conversation at the moment. We know that not until the champagne has gone at least twice round the table are our tongues loosened; and this unlocking process is not a pretty one. We should not appear till our wants are satisfied and we are ready to talk. The best stories are told after dinner; at the meal itself we indulge in *tête-à-têtes*, going from side to side with as little confusion as possible. And who is not secretly pleased when the hostess gives the signal, and the strain of eating and talking politely is relaxed? No wonder we want some breathing-time before we join the ladies again, and yet how hard it often is to pick up the threads of the interrupted evening.

Now picture for a moment a social world whose eating is done on the quiet, where people meet when they are no longer hungry or thirsty, and can devote all their attention to talking

and listening. Breakfast,—the only meal which to my mind might well be taken in company—most people prefer to get through in solitude. The man who talks a great deal at breakfast is seldom popular; the man who doesn't talk is supposed to be unhealthy. But how many jolly days does luncheon spoil? A lunch at two leaves hardly any afternoon and no energy to enjoy such as is left. If every one had got the little matters of eating and digesting over by two o'clock, what charming afternoons we could have in London and the country! Dinner has to be a movable feast; for if we go to the theatre we dine early, if we do nothing but dine we eat later. This change of hour is unwholesome and tiresome. How much better to eat quietly, and then join our friends in the theatre or in the drawing-room. Moreover, a dinner eaten in solitude as a preliminary to the theatre or a social evening would probably be a light one, and not liable to daze or clog such intellect as we may possess.

Yes,—if we were to give up this public performance of a necessary act of nature, we should all enjoy life more. We should eat at our own time, in our own way, the food which we chose to eat. No one would be troubled with the sight of our failings, or the knowledge that certain things were forbidden us by our doctor. The Fellows of All Souls would have to adopt some other mode of selecting the man to be added to their body than asking him to dinner; but that could easily, even in Oxford, be arranged. Then the man, otherwise presentable, would be able, if he cared to risk it, to eat his peas with a knife, and yet be a member of that illustrious college,—though any one who is clever enough to eat peas with a knife should surely be considered worthy to be a fellow of any college; to do so needs at least two qualities in a very high degree, patience and agility.

ity. The man who, being brutal in his instincts, likes to "punish the beef," could do so without making any one shudder; those who make a meal off tabloids could gorge them without the temptation to indulge in spiritual pride. And the glutton,—don't let us in our selfishness forget the glutton—his pleasure would certainly not be diminished. He would enjoy his oysters at his leisure, undisturbed by the attractions and distractions of the outer world; he would be in no fear that the asparagus would not go round; he would devote his whole attention to the business in hand. And so the genuine pleasures of the table would gain in being disconnected from the worries of chatter and politeness.

Then, having fed and rested, if so we desired, we could dress ourselves for the world, and, going out, appear fresh and alert to our fellows. No one would know how we had dined; we should ignore such a matter. If it were a party which claimed us, we should make our entry ready to devote ourselves solely to the guests. Perhaps lemonade might be sipped during the evening, but that should only be at very great houses on very great occasions. How much more we should see of our friends, and how many more we should see! Three parties at least every evening we could look in at, and be none the worse for any of them. And how pleasant it would be, after a cheerful evening spent with bright and happy people, to steal into one's little private dining-room and eat a sandwich, drink perhaps a glass of whisky and soda-water, with as little ostentation as when we undress and go to bed. Of course some people would suffer. The funny man would no longer be able to say "Pass the mustard"; the professional diner-out would have to learn another trade; but it would all be for the greatest good of the greatest number. What is now spent on

food and doctors' bills would then be spent on clothes and flowers, theatre-tickets, and little gifts to one's friends. And our lives would not be much upset by the change. The dining-room in the club would be arranged in cubicles. Modern inventions would obviate the increased difficulties of the service. In private houses little dining-rooms would be constructed where members of the family could retire for feeding. And here I would suggest that there would be little harm in humble families dining together if they liked. Family life is so intimate, especially in modest households, that the barriers of polite society cannot exist in them. If they were not over sensitive they might see each other eat; but it would be recognized that it was rather like washing one's dirty linen,—a thing not to be done in public.

Of course primitive people,—boys at school, for instance—could be fed together, just as they sleep together in dormitories. Superior schools, which provide separate studies for each boy, would be equally advanced in their arrangements for eating; but most boys, while yet in a rude state, might feed in herds. It might be the same with girls; but the day on which the young lady makes her real entry into life should see her admitted to the luxury of a private dining-room.

In this way we should have no discussions as to whether theatres spoil our dinners, or the dinners spoil our theatres. We should not be pained by hearing of public banquets, as we were recently, where curious dishes were provided for Nonconformists. Every man would have his own opinions on eating and keep them to himself; the carnivorous man would sit side by side with the vegetarian, the teetotaler with the winebibber, the eater of rich food would hobnob with the eater of simple food, and the swallower of little tabloids should lead

them. Many conservative people would no doubt be grieved at such a change; but all changes are depressing to the generation which sees them. Motor-cars are ousting the horse; electric light has snuffed out our candles. How many things have gone which were thought inevitable when the world was younger? Public eating and drinking has been a grand thing in its time: our hearts will ever warm as we remember what we owe to it; but what should we lose by giving up the habit now? Surely little save sentiment and

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indigestion. What should we gain? Surely many things; freedom, time, money, clearer thought and vision, more ignorance of each other's ailments and idiosyncrasies. And should this innovation ever obtain there might be a registry office for enrolling people who desired to cling to the old barbarous habit of feeding in company. Only the very healthy, very sane, very temperate and graceful people would be admitted. It is possible that there might be but few candidates.

Reginald Turner.

MRS. PALLISER'S PEARLS.

Darent looked at them.

"At Simla—appropriate," he allowed. "On a Jhelum house-boat—just possible. Here—frankly ridiculous."

Mrs. Palliser fingered her necklace pensively.

"Now, why?" she argued. "What becomes or does not become me cannot be a mere matter of latitude."

"Environment," corrected Darent. "At Simla we simply Orientalize Park Lane."

"And what is Srinagar but the most Eastern of Henleys?"

"Does one attend Henley in ropes of pearls?" said the soldier. "If one did it would have no bearing on the theme. We are not at Srinagar—we are not even in Cashmere. We are up in Baltistan now—or I thought we were till you appeared to-night, like a Queen of Sheba."

Mrs. Palliser put her head on one side.

"She was a most fascinating woman," she submitted.

Darent sniffed.

"That old scandal about Solomon? There was never a tittle of evidence."

Under cover of the night his companion smiled enigmatically. For a

moment she was silent, letting her gaze wander over the white tents, the crimson of the cook-fires, the sombre background of the deodars. It rested at last upon the face of the man beside her, duskily crimson in the glow of his cheroot.

"Jiwun Dass, the curio dealer at Srinagar, offered me five hundred rupees for them," she said irrelevantly. "I daresay they are worth as many pounds. Am I to throw them away?"

Darent looked round with a little start.

"Throw away what?" he demanded. "My pearls," she said patiently. "I'm afraid I bore you—your inattentions are most marked."

"You're so breathlessly impulsive," he apologized. "Throw them away! Heavens, no! But pack them in the lowest corner of one of your kilters—yes. Believe me, you'll feel a glow of appropriateness."

"Dowdiness," she amended. "All you men worship it. You think it implies domesticity."

"Not at all," he denied; "but we like things to be in keeping. Now look at Mrs. Bankart."

The suggestion was metaphorical. A

white gleam thirty yards away indicated the position of Mr. Bankart's shirt front. Experience suggested the adoring proximity of his wife. But only the eye of imagination could pierce the veil of darkness and picture the serenities which lay beyond.

Mrs. Palliser tittered softly.

"She's a darling. But—do you look at her much?"

"Her husband does," said Darent severely.

"It's his duty."

"And his pleasure."

"The dear old thing!" commented Mrs. Palliser as she stood up. She sighed as she held out her hand.

"Good-night," she said. "To-morrow shall be a day of reformation. I'll appear in a short skirt and nailed boots. If you're good I might even come and stand with you—for one beat."

He shook his head.

"There now!" he deplored. "That remark shows that you are merely with us, and not of us. Nailed boots! Don't you know that rubber soles are the only wear to grip the pine needles? And there is no beat to-morrow—Bankart wants a day off."

She raised her eyes devoutly.

"Thank Heaven!" she aspired. "For once I shall not be disturbed at 4 A.M. by the shouts of a hundred super-ex-c'd men. And you? Shall you spend the day—looking at Mrs. Bankart?"

Darent's expression became suddenly but distinctly apologetic.

"No," he said diffidently. "The fact is news has come in of *tahr*—wild goat—on the tops. I shall be after them at dawn."

Mrs. Palliser inspected him thoughtfully.

"That will be awfully jolly—for you," she said.

Darent made a restless movement.

"They are here to-day and gone to-morrow—*tahr*," he explained. "If one

does not follow them up at once—" He left off with a shrug.

"So wise of them," approved Mrs. Palliser. "Good-night again."

"Good-night," said Darent, and said it with an air of guilt. He emphasized it, indeed, by standing in a deferential attitude till Mrs. Palliser had disappeared. But as he sat down there was a faintly resentful feeling at the back of his mind. He felt as if a summary conviction had been recorded against him without a word from the defence.

In her tent Mrs. Palliser was indulging in a mental soliloquy.

"If you don't follow them up at once," she reminded herself. "Shikar—always shikar! At Simla—tame as a cat. On the Jhelum—hanging on my lightest word. But up here! If there's so much as a whisper of bear or ibex—whoof!" She snapped her fingers in her ayah's unemotional face.

Twelve hours later Darent, three thousand feet above the camp, was searching the landscape with his binoculars. Behind him, Sitka, his Balti tracker, was similarly engaged with a telescope. A few feet away a new-built cairn showed where a *tahr* had been buried to await the evening's transport to camp. It had been a clean shot through the shoulder at a hundred and fifty yards, and Darent still glowed as he thought of it. Masculinely irrational, he ranked a result for his expedition as an excuse—a poignant example of soldierly simple-mindedness.

Fifteen hundred feet below the nullahs widened out into a series of shallow valleys. They grooved the low ground in the shape of a fan, jewelled here and there with tiny rivulets, velvet with deodar and pine. But the watchers' scrutiny was all for the wilderness of upper crags, where the coveted ibex feed.

So it was more by accident than design that Sitka swept his glass across

the expanse of vale below, brought it to a sudden halt, stared, and finally gave a satisfied little grunt.

"*Hurput*—bear!" he said tersely, twitching his master's coat. Darent stared down the drop and said something monosyllabic.

"Five hundred yards!" he estimated dejectedly, "and among all those trees! No good—from here."

Sitka pointed to the right.

"We descend by the far side of the slope?" he suggested.

Darent was still staring.

"There are two of them," he announced suddenly. "In different nulahs, with a ridge between."

Sitka poised his glass. A moment later he smiled—grimly.

"A man, sahib, a man! Seeking honey, as *hurput* also seeks it. If he has found it and they meet we shall see sport. For honey *hurput* will dare all."

Suddenly the bear could be seen to halt. He lifted his nose and scrambled up the intervening ridge. He stood upon the crest of it, swaying, and staring fiercely into the dip below.

In the same instant the man raised his eyes and caught sight of him. A yell rang up through fifteen hundred feet of space. Sitka shook, watching the comedy with an expression which gave no hint that tragedy might supervene. But Darent frowned.

"The brute will kill him!" he muttered, feeling vaguely for his rifle. The tracker made a gesture of dissent.

"Nay; unless he be a fool he will drop his basket and *hurput* will dine, caring not a pie for the man if he have the honey. See! Already he flees!"

"But with the basket," retorted Darent. "The brute's after him!" The two brown bodies twinkled between the trees, but it was soon obvious that the beast, in spite of his ungainly trot, was gaining. Another yell

echoed among the crags. Darent nudged the butt up to his shoulder.

"Have a care, sahib, have a care!" remonstrated the Balti. "Among all those trees a bullet may go strangely astray."

The Englishman hesitated. The bear was at the very heels of the man when Sitka gave a sudden exclamation of relief.

"The son of many generations of foolishness has dropped the basket!" he cried. "Why in Allah's name did he tempt fate so long?"

Darent put the rifle down and seized the glasses. The basket had been relinquished under very strong compulsion. Lunging out, the bear had torn away the wallet which hung from the fugitive's shoulder.

Yet even now the man did not continue his flight to any distance. A few yards away he halted, gesticulating and yelling passionately. The victor paid little attention to this demonstration from the vanquished. He was busy with the spoils of war.

He tore the wallet apart and took a gulp at its contents.

The next instant he had risen erect, his forepaws beating frantically as if he fought for air. They could even distinguish the great throat muscles as they rippled beneath the taunting skin; they could see, though they could not hear, his choking coughs.

He fell over, bursting the basket as he rolled upon it. A syrupy stream wandered forth, and the great brute kicked and writhed in the middle of it till his coat was thick with dust and honey and the powdered contents of the wallet. He wound himself into knots—he was convulsed.

Sitka was also convulsed—with merriment.

"Behold! he chokes—the glutton!" he cried. "The man will make no bad bargain—a pot of honey for the skin of a bear."

Evidently the unknown shared this opinion. He drew further out of the undergrowth and approached his enemy, watching him warily.

A stupendous spasm shook the brute—some tension within seemed to be loosed. He sat up, rocking to and fro, but breathing less pantingly. As he swallowed great mouthfuls of air his little pig's-eyes roved and discovered the watcher.

He reared menacingly and lumbered forward.

The man's arms described a wild parabola, indicative of unplumped depths of despair, and vanished with their owner into the shadows of the nearest glade. *Hurput* sat down with an ingenuous air of relief. The savor of the honey rose to his nostrils. He made clumsy and unsuccessful efforts to reach with his tongue the centre of his own broad back. He whirled, he turned somersaults. Repulsed in every endeavor, he turned sullenly to the few remaining splashes which had escaped adhering to his hide, lapped them, and continued his investigations of the basket. That this was empty was proved by his wheeling at last to depart as he came.

And then? They could almost see the sigh which escaped him. For another man had advanced into the range of his vision—a man who dropped into the picture as if from the very skies. He and the bear confronted each other through a moment of prolonged suspense.

Wearily *Hurput* shrugged his shoulders, or it looked like it. It was, at any rate, with a despondent motion which seemed to acquiesce in the inevitableness of these encounters that he rolled forward. There was something, too, which was almost perfunctory about his roar.

But from this antagonist there were no unreasonable procrastinations. A whisk of white shone among the

trunks, flashed, and was gone, swallowed by the shadows as the cloud swallows the lightning. *Hurput*, deprived of the stimulating vision, halted, wondered, and turned once more to the fastness which had first surrendered him. Shamblingly he retreated, a piebald disgrace in the eyes of all forest folk, to gain the head of the ravine.

To this same point Darent and Sitka were already directing their steps. Ten minutes later *Hurput's* third and last interview with the human enemy took place.

As he rolled up the aisle of pines a hated odor reached his nostrils and lifted him menacingly upon his hind feet. Not ten yards away Darent had stepped out from behind a trunk, his rifle at his shoulder. The bear snarled and charged.

There was a thin spurt of flame, a clangor echo among the rocks, and the great body sprawled down in a heap. Twice the great limbs spurned the dust, and then were still—finally. Three, for *Hurput*, had been the unlucky number.

"What a spectacle!" said Darent, eyeing the body with great dissatisfaction. "I question if the skin's worth taking."

The thick hair was absolutely clotted. As Sitka examined it he shook his head doubtfully. From the shoulders to the loins the hide was an inch deep in a conglomeration of honey, dust, and crumbs.

"*Chupatties!*" exclaimed the tracker. The hunter of honey had brought cakes and syrup for his provision.

Darent nodded as he still stared at the carcase.

"We'll take it," he announced at last. "Ghee—oil—something may loosen it. We'll see later."

Sitka gave one of his taciturn little nods.

"As the Presence wills," he assented, and began to sharpen his knife upon a stone. Half an hour later he

rolled the smoking pelt into a bundle, dropped it across his shoulder and set off at his master's heels in the direction of the distant camp.

The dusk was falling as they stepped out into a clearing and caught a glimpse of the white tents gleaming through the criss-cross of the pines far below. The reels of cook-fires rose through the stillness. Darent's pace quickened; he wheeled round the angle of a fallen tree and strode—almost into the arms of Mrs. Palliser.

She showed no surprise. He recognized in a moment that she had been waiting for him. But he noted, too, that there was something strained in her aspect—a sense of emotion repressed.

"You?" he cried. "Alone—a thousand feet above the camp? The reformation has indeed begun!"

She did not respond to his railing. She smiled, but with her lips, not with her eyes.

"Good sport, I hope?" she said quietly, and began to stroll beside him.

"Excellent!" he said, "but—" He came to a sudden halt and stared at her.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Yes?" she hazarded. "Yes?"

He made an expressive gesture.

"Something is the matter," he protested. "You have been—grieving?"

This time she smiled—appreciatively.

"How tactfully put! Grieving? Why not bluntly—crying? Isn't it a woman's privilege?"

Impulsively he put his hand upon her arm.

"You *have* been crying?" he asked.

She nodded, flushing faintly.

"Yes," she said, "but not, I hope, without reason. All my jewelry has been stolen!"

He halted with a gasp.

"Your—your necklace?" he cried incredulously. "Not that?"

"Every pearl in it," she answered.

"You may triumph—you have every right to—but—"

"But—?"

"But I hope you won't," she said suddenly, looking up at him. "I'm—I'm a little unstrung."

Both Darent's arms rose impulsively towards her, and then, as their owner remembered the tracker plodding solidly behind, fell back. But his voice deepened into sudden tenderness.

"You really thought that I—?"

"Not you—not you!" she interrupted penitently. "But the Bankarts won't give me any sympathy—they're enraged. They say I have spoilt the whole expedition—that I had no business to put such temptation in people's way—"

"Then there is a clue?" he said eagerly. "You suspect—?"

"Jan Singh—the cook?" she said, and shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

Darent whistled loud and long.

"Jan Singh!" he repeated. "My goodness! Bankart wouldn't hear a word against him—he's the apple of his epicurean eye! But, in the name of all that's reasonable, why do you suspect him—why?"

"Because it *was* him!" she cried petulantly. "Because I've seen him look at them—because all my instincts tell me it was him. And Mr. Bankart won't even speak to him."

"But if there is absolutely no evidence," he temporized, "even I don't see—"

"He was away from the camp for five hours—alone."

"Oh! he was, was he? That's suspicious. Did he give any excuse?"

"He was collecting cones—for the grill fires. So he says."

He laughed.

"A trifle thin—as an excuse. He could collect tons in as many minutes. But still—" He shook his head doubtfully.

From behind the Balti gave a sudden

little dry cough. It was a signal that he desired leave to address his master. Darent turned and looked at him.

"The Presence had occasion to speak of that pig-faced son of dirt, Jan Singh?"

Darent nodded.

"So my ears informed me," said the tracker apologetically. "Is any act of his in question?"

Darent hesitated.

"Merely that he had five hours of idleness to account for and did so clumsily."

Sitka smiled.

"Surely the getting of wild honey is no vain pretext?" he submitted.

Darent's eyes grew wide.

"What tale is this?" he cried. "The man who ran—whom the bear pursued? Was that the cook?"

"No other, sahib," said Sitka quietly. "At the time the fellow had some tinge of familiarity about him, but at the distance vaguely. I knew him—and knew him not. Hearing his name tossed between the memsahib and yourself I took thought. He limped—that one, and now I can place the limp with its owner."

Darent turned again. Mrs. Palliser watched him anxiously.

"Sitka knows—suspects something?" she asked.

Darent shook his head.

"So far he has heard no more than the mention of his name. But—but there are possibilities of—of queerness about the matter. When did the jewels disappear?"

"How can I tell? They were in a case, packed in a kilter, and this was under my charpoy. The side of the tent was cut, so evidently the kilter was drawn out, rifled, and replaced. The watchman, of course, saw nothing."

"And Jan Singh was seen to leave the camp?"

"At dawn," said Mrs. Palliser.

For another minute Darent meditated silently. Then his eyes twinkled.

"All the same the fact remains that you should *not* have introduced valuable jewels into a peaceful shikarri camp," he said gravely.

The twinkle escaped Mrs. Palliser; the gravity of his voice did not. Suddenly and unashamedly she began to cry.

Darent turned and made a significant gesture. Sitka disappeared among the pine trunks.

"All the same I'm not altogether sorry that you did," said Darent; and this time his voice held an altered significance which made Mrs. Palliser look up.

"Why?" she whimpered, and then suddenly read his eyes. She made a little startled movement away from him.

"Because," he said, insinuating an arm about her waist, "in this matter you are going to rely upon me, and perhaps in future I may persuade you to make a practice of doing so. What?"

She whisked her handkerchief across her eyes. She allowed her smile to break out into radiance.

"I—I don't mind giving you a trial," she admitted, and from that moment the deodars shadowed Elysium.

But the accommodation—in Elysium—is strictly limited. The truth of this was borne in upon the lovers as within a hundred yards of the camp they encountered Bankart.

He received their announcement—he responded, indeed, with formal congratulations—but he did it with a sort of resentful surprise. He stared at Darent as a crusted Tory might stare at a colleague who had transferred himself and his principles to the Radical benches. Once, in fact, Darent caught him sorrowfully shaking his head.

The nature and cause of this posi-

tion were not made plain till some hours later, when the ladies had retired. Then the flood-gates were opened.

The imputation upon the immaculate Jan Singh was the text of a sermon which Bankart preached without notes, without eloquence, but with an earnestness which should have bred instant conviction. This, at any rate, was his own point of view. As he endeavored to impress it upon his audience the conversational temperature rose many degrees. Argument clashed against argument; neither listened, since both desired to speak; personal points of view were introduced; extremely personal comments were made. In short, within ten minutes the friends of years discovered themselves involved in a most pregnant quarrel. They separated, fuming, and Darent, who had opened the discussion with a mind receptive of proofs of the cook's innocence, went to bed absolutely convinced of his guilt.

"I'll summarize your argument," he sneered, as he stood in his tent door. "Jan Singh can cook, and therefore he can't steal. Skittles!" He let the canvas curtain drop, and chuckled fiercely as the tide of Bankart's wrath rumbled away, to wash in intermittent mutterings around the bedside of his wife. "Pig-headed old glutton!" soliloquized Darent as he laid his head upon the pillow.

It seemed to him that it had rested there but five minutes, though as a matter of fact it was as many hours, when he was awake and sitting up. A voice was whispering in his ear.

"Can the Presence rise and come with me—omitting the lighting of a lamp?"

The voice was the tracker's.

"How?" asked his master, still imperfectly awake. "What is toward?"

"Matters of moment, sahib," said Sitka quietly, "of which you shall

judge. Let your clothing match the night."

Darent thrust his feet into felt boots, drew a thick gray dressing-gown over his pyjamas, and followed the Baiti, who moved like a shadow into the forest.

Through ten very dark and silent minutes the Englishman heard nothing save the hoot of an owl or the far, faint wail of jackals. He was brought to a halt by the pressure of the tracker's fingers upon his arm.

He waited, vividly conscious of the beatings of his own heart but straining vainly after any other sound.

Then, querulous and scarcely audible, a muttering reached his ears. Out of the nullah bed, not ten feet below him, it rose—the low, crooning monotone in which a native will often while away hours of waiting through the night. Significantly Sitka pressed his arm again.

Through a quarter of an hour Darent sat motionless. Pins and needles began to riot in his limbs—cramp threatened—overpowering impulses to break the stillness gripped him. Suddenly a new sound—from the far side of the nullah—brought the relief of a new interest.

The crooning stopped, Jan Singh's voice cut the silence with a whisper.

"Is it you, oh Jiwun Dass?"

There was no answer in words. A faint crashing of jungle grass told where a heavy body slid down the bank. The cook's voice rose again—in muffled supplications.

"Marf karo, have mercy!" he wailed. "Indeed and indeed it was no fault of mine. I brought you all that you desired."

"Son of a pig, child of generations of dishonor," snarled the other, "you poured dirt upon me, you mocked me with the falseness of all devils!"

Knuckles were patently thudding upon Jan Singh's prosperous ribs.

"Nay, nay," protested the cook. "I came bearing the jewels, eager to entrust them to my lord's keeping. But a djinn arose—an afreet of the hills, clad in the hairy pelt of a bear. He fell upon me, robbing me of mine all in one stroke!"

Jiwun Dass's gasp was eloquent of his surprise.

"A bear?" he cried. "I also, then, confronted him, unclean, ferocious, barring a hundred cruel teeth. My speed saved me. Hast thou no legs?"

"Listen!" moaned the cook desperately. "Thus it came about. Easily I gained the jewels, cutting a slit in the tent cover, not even having to enter, but gripping the kilter with mine arm alone. For excuse for mine absence I took a jar, to seek wild honey, in which the memsahibs delight. The pearls I kneaded into *chupatties*, lest, inquiry being made, I should be searched. I also took syrup for my provisioning, using it as cover for the bracelet and rings. So I entered the forest and came to the appointed place, and as fate decreed found a nest of wild honey, and filled my jar, well content. And yet by this very thing I was undone.

"For when the monster arose from the thicket the smell of my jars reached him. I fled. Filled with gluttonous wrath he pursued, and with one snatch plundered me of *chupatties*, honey, syrup—all! Naked I escaped as by a miracle!"

Jiwun Dass groaned loudly.

"Oh day of misfortune! oh day of Fate's displeasure!" he bewailed. "I too saw the splash of syrup upon the monster's coat!"

"And know, then, that I am a true man," went on Jan Singh with obvious relief. "Thou hast not heard all. Seeing that he forebore to follow, I also halted, crying aloud, that I might chance to scare him from his prey. But he observed me not, ripping open

my wallet and taking a *chupatty* at a gulp."

"With the worth in it of hundreds of rupees!" moaned the curio merchant. "Oh day of blackness! oh hour of torment! What have I deserved that the gods should visit me thus!"

"Nay, in this *chupatty* were no pearls. It held the gold mohur which hung from the bracelet which I had bestowed within the jar. Of which *Hurput* quickly had knowledge. Endeavoring to swallow it, he choked—fighting for breath—beating the air—agonizing!"

"Oh monster of voracity!" deplored Jiwun Dass. "That an unclean beast should be fed upon jewels—that his shameless stomach should be lined with pearls!"

"Nay," contradicted the cook again, "this was not so. For in his torments he fell, breaking the jars and basket and grinding the *chupatties* into paste. He rolled this way and that; when at last he coughed up that which was righteously bringing him death his hide was clotted with honey, with crumbs, and—woe is me!—with jewels also. The pearls in the broken cakes are still glued to his evil skin!"

Darent, suddenly and fervently uplifted by this intelligence, did not escape a start. A twig broke beneath his foot.

The rascals chorussed their terror.

"What is that?" the two cried as one.

"This!" came the answer in Sitka's voice, and the darkness was dispersed. A fusee spat redly across the night and against a flare of paraffin-soaked waste. The flames illuminated the glade.

"He who moves save at my desire—dies!" said the tracker composedly, and Darent saw that the red gleams shone upon a revolver barrel. Ten yards below him Jan Singh and his patron, the curio merchant, were bursting out into

torrential appeals for compassion. The Balti heard them coldly.

"Will the Presence condescend to hold the torch?" he asked, and descended upon the pair like some grim incarnation of Fate. Producing a coil of cord he trussed them up with skill and matter-of-factness. He looked up at his employer.

"And now, sahib?" he inquired stolidly.

The first pale glimmer of dawn shone in the east and fell upon the haggard faces of the prisoners. Darent, as he reflected that by the time he reacheded the camp dawn would have reacheded the full flush of morning, fell into the throes of poignant mirth. What an awakening for his dear friend Bankart —what an awakening! He motioned up the path down which they had come.

Before they reacheded the clearing he paused.

"Anchor them to this pine," he commanded, and walked towards Bankart's tent.

As he reacheded it the curtain was thrust aside, and Bankart, sniffing luxuriously at the morning air, appeared, tea-cup in hand. His eyes grew suddenly saucer-like.

Without greeting Darent advanced upon him, linked an arm through his elbow, and drew him in silence towards the prisoners. Before Bankart could properly articulate his surprise Jan Singh had become the illustration upon which Darent poised a narrative

of categorical completeness. The indictment was convincingly pressed home.

Bankart listened like a man in a dream. He offered no comment; he rumpled up his scattered hairs; he stared at Jan Singh as if the day held no other object worth a moment's attention. And then—his wife's voice reacheded him.

He wheeled.

Both Mrs. Bankart and Mrs. Palliser had appeared from their tents and were approaching with expressions of bewildered amazement. At the sight Bankart made a feeble attempt to rally a spirit which the events of the last few minutes had humbled to the dust.

"I don't say I disbelieve you," he cried aggressively, "but where are your proofs—your proofs?"

Darent spoke curtly to Sitka. Within the space of thirty seconds the latter had gone and returned, bearing a bundle and a jar. Unrolling the first he displayed the bear skin, still clotted in paste. From the jar he dripped upon it the liquid butter. He began to knead it with dexterous fingers.

Suddenly he paused and handed his master a tiny object. A moment later, between finger and thumb, he produced a second. Quickly and yet more quickly the tangled fur began to give up its secrets.

Bankart gasped.

"You mean to tell me that those—" "Are Mrs. Palliser's pearls," said Darent blandly.

Frank Sartle.

AT DAWN.

O Hesper-Phosphor, far away
 Shining, the first, the last white star,
 Hear'st thou the strange, the ghostly cry,
 That moan of an ancient agony
 From purple forest to golden sky
 Shivering over the breathless bay?
 It is not the wind that wakes with the day;
 For see, the gulls that wheel and call,
 Beyond the tumbling white-topped bar,
 Catching the sun-dawn on their wings,
 Like snow-flakes or like rose-leaves fall,
 Flutter and fall in airy rings;
 And drift, like lilles ruffling into blossom
 Upon some golden lake's unwrinkled bosom.

Are not the forest's deep-lashed fringes wet
 With tears? Is not the voice of all regret
 Breaking out of the dark earth's heart?
 She too, she too, has loved and lost; and we—
 We that remember our lost Arcady,
 Have we not known, we too,
 The primal greenwood's arch of blue,
 The radiant clouds at sun-rise curled
 Around the brows of the golden world;
 The marble temples, washed with dew,
 To which with rosy limbs afame
 The violet-eyed Thalassian came,
 Came, pitiless, only to display
 How soon the youthful splendor dies away;
 Came, only to depart
 Laughing across the gray-grown bitter sea;
 For each man's life is earth's epitome,
 And though the years bring more than aught they take,
 Yet might his heart and hers well break
 Remembering how one prayer must still be vain,
 How one fair hope is dead,
 One passion quenched, one glory fled
 With those first loves that never come again.

How many years, how many generations,
 Have heard that sigh in the dawn,
 When the dark earth yearns to the unforgotten nations
 And the old loves withdrawn,
 Old loves, old lovers, wonderful and unnumbered
 As waves on the wine-dark sea,

'Neath the tall white towers of Troy and the temples that slumbered
In Thessaly?
From the beautiful palaces, from the miraculous portals,
The swift white feet are flown!
They were taintless of dust, the proud, the peerless Immortals
As they sped to their loftier throne!
Perchance they are there, earth dreams, on the shores of Hesper,
Her rosy-bosomed Hours,
Listening the wild fresh forest's enchanted whisper,
Crowned with its new strange flowers;
Listening the great new ocean's triumphant thunder
On the stainless unknown shore,
While that perilous queen of the world's delight and wonder
Comes white from the foam once more.

When the mists divide with the dawn o'er those glittering waters,
Do they gaze over unsoared seas—
Naiad and nymph and the woodland's rose-crowned daughters
And the Oceanides?
Do they sing together, perchance, in that diamond splendor,
That world of dawn and dew,
With eyelids twitching to tears and with eyes grown tender
The sweet old songs they knew,
The songs of Greece? Ah, with harp-strings mute do they falter
As the earth like a small star pales?
When the heroes launch their ship by the smoking altar
Does a memory lure their sails?
Far, far away, do their hearts resume the story
That never on earth was told,
When all those urgent oars on the waste of glory
Cast up its gold?

*Are not the forest fringes wet
With tears? Is not the voice of all regret
Breaking out of the dark earth's heart?
She too, she too, has loved and lost; and though
She turned last night in disdain
Away from the sunset-embers,
From her soul she can never depart;
She can never depart from her pain.
Vainly she strives to forget;
Beautiful in her woe,
She awakes in the dawn and remembers.*

LEVIATHAN.

In the old days such knowledge as we possessed of the life-history of the larger whales, with which Mr. Millais deals in his third volume of "British Mammals,"¹ was based in a great degree on the reports of more or less uneducated whalers, supplemented in some cases by the notes of more competent observers, such as Scammon, Beale, and more recently Grey and Bulwer. In consequence, numerous errors were long current, not only as to the limits of the bodily size attained by these creatures, but likewise in respect of the length of time they can remain submerged, and the depth to which they are capable of descending. Also the nature of the "spouting," or breathing, was long misunderstood.

Of later years, however, several trained naturalists, either by joining whaling ships, or as members of naval expeditions, have devoted themselves specially to the study of the habits and life-history of whales; and we are in consequence now furnished with a large amount of authentic and first-hand information on these subjects; although, from the difficulties inseparable from such investigations, much remains to be learnt. Among the more recent additions to our knowledge may be mentioned Dr. E. Racovitz'a exhaustive account of the whales observed during the Antarctic voyage of the "Belgica," 1897-99, published at Antwerp in 1903, and Prof. E. Lönnberg's observations of the cetaceans encountered during a voyage to South Georgia recently published in Sweden.

Mr. Millais is another naturalist who has studied whales and the smaller cetaceans, more particularly those frequenting the northern British seas, in

¹ "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," By J. G. Millais. Vol. III. London: Longman's 1906. £6 6s. net.

their native haunts; and it is this personal familiarity with the habits and appearance of these creatures which makes this volume of his "Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland" so valuable and interesting.

It may surprise many persons that upwards of a score of species of cetaceans are included by Mr. Millais in the British list, among which about half may be allowed to rank as "whales"; the remainder coming under the designation of porpoises and dolphins. Several are, however, only very casual visitors; and while the Greenland whale has never yet been seen in British waters, its cousin the black whale, or southern right whale, which was not uncommon a century or more ago, has practically disappeared from our seas, being in fact well nigh extinct in the northern hemisphere. Consequently we have now no native whales which yield that valuable commercial product, whalebone; the "bone" of the humpbacks and rorquals, which are the most common British whales, being too short and too weak to be applied to the purposes for which that of the "right" whales is employed.

One important recent addition to our knowledge of the distribution of the sperm whale or cachalot—the largest representative of the group distinguished by the possession of teeth in place of whalebone—is strongly emphasized by the author. Not long ago it was considered that only an old bull occasionally straggled to our northern waters; but it may now be accepted as a fact that the species is a regular summer visitor to the seas north-west of the Hebrides, and that it now and then reaches the Shetlands.

Turning to the ethological side, we find that one of the many undecided problems connected with whales is

whether they sleep. Inclining to the opinion that they do, Mr. Millais runs counter to the views of Dr. Racovitzá, although he apparently has the support of the well-known Norwegian naturalist, Professor Collett. If whales really do sleep, it can scarcely be elsewhere than at the surface, since the fishermen's theory that they sleep at a considerable depth appears to have been decisively disproved by Dr. Racovitzá.

Whether the sense of hearing, as opposed to that of sight, is the one on which cetaceans chiefly rely for protection, is another question which has exercised the minds of both whalers and naturalists. The absence of external ears has of course nothing to do with the matter, as these would obviously be useless in water. On the other hand, the great development of the internal structures of the ear leaves little doubt that the hearing, or rather the power of perceiving vibration, of these creatures must be extremely acute; and it is probable that it is this sense alone which prevents them from approaching too near the shore. The rudimentary condition of the nasal organs, coupled with the small size of the eye (which, by the way, would be useless at any considerable depth), likewise point to the same conclusion.

As to the depth to which whales can descend, opinions have changed considerably of late years. It was once supposed that they went down to great depths; but the effects of pressure would manifestly render this quite impossible; and in the opinion of the great authority already cited, a depth of one hundred yards is probably their extreme limit. This conclusion receives support from the fact that the food of most species consists of animals living on or near the surface; and likewise by the practical experience of whalers in connection with the amount of line taken out by harpooned whales. The sperm-whale, which feeds on large cuttlefishes, seems, however, in some de-

gree, to be an exception; there being circumstantial evidence that these monsters, in certain instances, touch the ocean bottom, although at what depth is still unknown.

Modern observation has thrown much new light on the "spouting," or breathing, of whales. In this connection it is perhaps almost superfluous to mention that the water, or spray, included in the "spout" is merely adventitious, and due either to the condensed moisture of the breath, or to the creature beginning to "blow" before reaching the surface. Recent photographs of spouting whales, among which those given by Mr. Millais are specially interesting, have demonstrated not only that there is great difference in the form of the spout, but also that the height to which it ascends is much less than formerly supposed; even that of the "sulphur bottom," or Sibbald's whale—the hugest member of the whole group—averaging not more than fourteen feet, although occasionally reaching as much as twenty feet.

Whether the reference in Psalm civ. to "that leviathan, whom thou has made to play therein," really relates to the gambols of rorquals or humpbacks in the Red Sea or not, certain it is that cetaceans of every kind are among the most playful and sportive of all animals. The greatest adept at these sportive performances (as is admirably illustrated in one of Mr. Millais' exquisite plates) is undoubtedly the hump-backed whale, which delights to throw its huge carcase clear out of the water, to lie on its side with one of the long white flippers standing vertically out of the water like a gigantic sword, or to "dance" upright, with its head raised above the surface. The sperm-whale is, however, not far behind in this respect, and when "breaching" shoots its sixty feet of length to a height above the surface sufficient to render itself visible from the masthead at a distance of half a dozen miles.

THE VILLAGE ALMSHOUSE.

Gray hairs are out of fashion nowadays, when the hoary head is counted less a glory than a reproach. Old age meets with small patience and slight reverence at the hands of the rising generation, who seem unmindful of the admonition—as true to-day as nineteen hundred years ago—“With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,” and who forget that when they, in their turn, move up a step on the ladder of Time, they will reap from those below them only that which they themselves have sown.

A man’s attitude towards age furnishes no bad test of the temper of his soul. He who has learnt to bear the infirmities of others, and to contemplate with serenity the limitations which the advancing years will impose upon himself, has not been to school under the great teacher Life in vain. Few of us, indeed, can hope to attain the sunny height of him who cried, with an optimism as rare as it is bracing—

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was
made.

Too many are ready to echo the dying words of him who trod the slippery ways of Courts, only at last to inscribe on the fly-leaf of his Bible the night before execution:—

Time takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust.

But there are some among us who can add with him—

But from this earth, this grave, this
dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!

Writers of every time have set forth the sorrows of decrepitude: the most impressive, and at the same time the most poignant, imagery was his who had tasted everything that the world had to give and who pronounced everything to be vanity! If the weariness and satiety of the “evil days” when the grasshopper is a burden and desire fails, press thus heavily upon those whose lot is lightened by all the alleviations that love and money can suggest, with what an overwhelming load of misery must it not weigh upon the aged poor! In olden days, before “houses of industry” were thought of, or the feeding and clothing of the “poore” were “lett out” to the lowest bidder, men founded almshouses to the glory of God and the comfort of their “aged, impotent, and needy” brethren, where they might slide gently to the grave unharassed by the gnawing anxiety of how to provide the bare necessities of life. The present writer knows one such foundation dating from 1610, which affords relief to eighteen old women and men—“lone” people all—who are enjoying a rest on the last stage of the highway which has proved such hard travelling to most of them. The buildings lie away from the main thoroughfares in a remote hamlet of a Wessex vale, and though without any pretensions to artistic or archeological worth, their quaint porches, diamond-paned windows brightened by flowers, and strips of border where sunflowers and hollyhocks rear their tall heads against the warm red of the bricks, render them sufficiently picturesque to arrest the passing traveller and make him linger beside the gates. From these, which are set in a high sheltering wall and flanked by the sombre green of two Irish yews, a tiled path

leads up the rectangular court, between the dwellings, to the "prayer-room" under the round-faced clock. The founder, with others in his day, held that "prayers are old age's alms," and morning and evening the chaplain, whose stipend consists of "ten pounds a year and a room in the house to dwell in," gathers the bedesfolk together in the tiny chapel for service. It is a pathetic little company in some respects. All are old; many are infirm; some are deaf; one at least is blind, having lost her sight through a cruel trick which the children of the house where she was employed played upon her. They sprinkled gunpowder in the mouth of the baker's oven, so that when she lighted the fire in the morning it exploded, burning off her eyelashes and eyebrows, and injuring her sight beyond recovery. Happily she secured election to one of the almshouses, where she "scambles along" with the help of her neighbors. Her cottage, though scantily furnished, is neat and clean; nor does she repine at her lot, which might be so much worse! To sit with folded hands is counted no hardship among the poor, and blindness does not entail on this woman, who still has the use of hearing and speech, the same amount of suffering that it would do on one of more cultured tastes and more varied results.

Another inmate who does not allow herself to be overlooked is a wonderful old lady, ninety-two years of age. With her tricks of gesture, the dainty neatness of her attire, and her fine manners, she is less English than French in appearance, and her slight, active figure, girlish step, bright eyes, and small, alert features remind one of some brisk, chirruping bird. She is the oldest inhabitant of the almshouses; but her age, though remarkable, is more than equalled by that of an old shepherd in the village, who, owing to his wife being still alive, is ineligible

as a candidate for admission. He has completed his ninety-fifth year, and, what is even more remarkable, not until two and a half years ago did he come upon the ratepayers for support. Folks are long-lived in the vale. The little old almswoman is proud of her age, and proud of the fact that though her sight "is not what it used to be," she can manage to read large print without glasses. Her greatest trial is her deafness; she cannot hear the service in the prayer-room, "which I misses sadly, seein' I've always been accustomed to go to church and Sacrament." The infirmity, however, matters the less in that her tongue is so nimble she gives her friends small chance of speaking! Her mother belonged to a family that once was of consequence in the neighborhood, and owned a considerable part of the parish. The lands in these parts have long had a knack of casting their owners, and the daughter was obliged to enter domestic service. She left her place after fifteen years, to marry. "Twas a heart-breaking affair, an' I could scarce go through it at the last; but it don't do to disappoint a man, 'cause you never knows what dreadful things it mightn't lead to." Her husband is dead, her children and friends are all dead, yet she is still cheerful, like the robin that sings through wintry weather.

Equally cheery is the widow in the opposite corner. Her two-roomed tenement is a model of comfort and homely prettiness. The muslin curtains, the flowers in the window that looks south over trees and green fields, the china round the walls, the Windsor armchair and round, mahogany, "hoof-footed" table, bespeak the best type of rural cottage. A further picturesque touch is added by the low fire on the hearth, which in these days of cheap grates is unusual. A neighbor next door, who owns an oven, cooks her

bakemeats, and when one has a special dainty she "gives the other a taste." The sight of her good-tempered face is sufficient to put discontent to flight. "I was happy the first day I come," she declares, "an' I've bin happy as the birds in the sky ever since. I cleans the place, I does my bit o' dinner, I sews an' reads now an' agen, an' when there's nothen more to do, I just sits an' rests. Ah! 'tis nice to sit an' rest wi' nothen on your mind,—no rent to pay, no one to come botherin' round 'so much to pay this week an' so much next!' Then, you're never dull here, 'cause you've allus some one to talk to. If any one's cross an' wants to quar', as they do sometimes, 'cause there ain't a smart lot o' difference in folks whether they lives in a big house or a little, I just lets 'em alone. If they wun't look at me, I don't look at they; if they wun't speake to I, I don't speake to they. I just lets 'em alone till they're better. Yes, I'm as thankful as I can be that I got into one of these nice little places."

The almswomen outnumber the almsmen by a majority of four to one; why, it is difficult to say. The founder left the trustees free to select whom they would from the parish benefited; but the aged women appear usually to have been more favored by the Committee. At the present time there are but four men in the settlement, two of whom are very "rickety," to quote a local expression; and though the village can show an extraordinary number of old fellows creeping about in the sunshine, most of them, if not all, like the shepherd, have wives. One, a farm laborer past work, of the comparatively tender age of eighty-five, remembers the times when superstition was a living force among the country people.

The Spectator.

"We ha'n't never had many ghostes in these parts," he said, "but we used to have witchcrafters as 'ud gallop the 'arses about all night, so's the carters found 'em all of a lather in the morning. The men 'ud nail an old 'arseshoe upside down over the stabledoor, then they couldn't come in, 'ee knew." In answer to the question whether the witches were ever caught abstracting the horses, he shook his head. "Not as I heard on; them sort, 'ee knew, can do most things; they can crape through a keyhole an' make theirselves so's narra-one can't see 'em. I knawed one once as lived in one o' the almshouses: I used to see her when I went up to see my grandfather there. She was a cur'ous-looking ooman, stoutish, wi' light hair." When asked whether she could creep through a keyhole his sense of humor was tickled for an instant. "Twould ha' bin a smartish job fur the likes o' she," he replied with a flicker of a smile; "but," recovering himself, "them sort can do most things."

One remembers Sir Thomas Browne, and wonders what would have been the fate of this poor "witchcrafter" had she lived in the days of the pious founder of the home that sheltered her declining years. The almsfolk receive four shillings a week and two fagots, with in addition half-a-ton of coal during the winter. Nor are they precluded from earning a trifle to supplement their allowance if able to do so. Would that there were more of these quiet havens throughout the length and breadth of the land, where the deserving poor, when the long working day is done, might sit and rest in the twilight until the clear call summons them to a more abiding house.

THE DECAY OF ILLUSTRATION.

While the publication of a third impression of the late Mr. Gleeson White's standard work on "English Illustration: the Sixties" (Constable, 12s. 6d. net) may warrant the inference that an increased interest is being taken in this branch of pictorial art, a comparison of its contents with the pages of any of our present illustrated weekly or monthly periodicals inevitably points to the lowered standard of contemporary illustration. That the illustrations which appear in the pages of our popular magazines and illustrated journals are collectively greatly inferior in artistic interest to the designs published nearly half a century ago in *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals of the time, is a fact as indisputable as that there are now living in our midst black-and-white draughtsmen fully as skilled, and fully as artistic, as those who made the sixties a "golden decade of English Illustration." It has to be admitted that nowadays illustrations are not always made by those most qualified to illustrate, that many a good draughtsman has abandoned the creation of noble designs in black and white for the production of mediocre performances in color. It may not be possible to produce such an array of illustrators as those who figure in Mr. Gleeson White's book—Ford Madox Brown, A. Boyd Houghton, Arthur Hughes, Charles Keene, M. J. Lawless, Leighton, Millais, Du Maurier, J. W. North, Pinwell, Rossetti, W. Small, Sandys, Whistler and Fred Walker—but contemporary illustration could, if it would, make a brave show with the help of Messrs. Abbey, John D. Batten, Anning Bell, Frank Brangwyn, Walter Crane, Garth Jones, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Laurence Housman, Wm. Nich-

olson, Pennell, Rackham, Ravenhill, Claude Shepperson, Byam Shaw, Sime, Strang, and E. J. Sullivan, not to mention men who, like Sir Luke Fildes, have abandoned black-and-white work for painting, or like Messrs. Orpen, Rothenstein and Muirhead Bone, who ought to be illustrating and are not. Moreover in this hasty list, compiled haphazard, many woeful omissions will occur to students of contemporary black-and-white work, and the more readily these are perceived the more willingly should it be granted that the inferiority of our present-day magazine illustration is due to a fault in the demand rather than in the supply.

No one acquainted with the admirable etchings and black-and-white drawings occasionally shown at West End exhibitions can fail to realize that our art-editors as a body do not make the best use of the talent at their disposal. To these, however, or to the public for whom they cater, blame is rarely attached, for, arguing on the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* principle, false prophets have succeeded in establishing the fallacy that the decay of illustration is due to the decay of wood-engraving. That this belief is as erroneous as it is widespread is sufficiently indicated by the following sentences from Mr. Gleeson White's book:

If any one doubts that nearly all the drawings of the sixties lost much, and that many were wholly ruined by the engraver, he has but to compare them with reproductions by modern processes from a few originals that escaped destruction at the time. If this be not a sufficient evidence, the British Museum and South Kensington have many examples in their permanent collections which will quickly convince the most stubborn. If some few engravers managed to impart a certain interest at the

expense of the original work, which not merely atones for the loss but supplies in its place an intrinsic work of art, such exceptions in no way affect the argument.

The inferiority is not in the method of reproduction, which has been vastly improved, but in the originals to be reproduced. And the key to this mysterious decadence of illustration while so many excellent illustrators are found in our midst, will be discovered when we compare the illustrations of the sixties with those of the present day; for whereas the former, without exception, are in line, the latter, in the main, are in half-tone. More than to anything else the deterioration of illustration is due to the substitution of that bastard in art, the wash-drawing, for the pure design in line. This preponderance of wash-drawings in the pages of our magazines and illustrated weeklies is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual degeneration. False ideals are responsible for the change which has resulted in decay. Modern illustrators are apt to aim at truth instead of beauty, forgetting that if truth be the goal of science, beauty is the goal of art, and that if, as Keats has said, beauty and truth are ultimately one, nevertheless artists and scientists travel by different roads to the common end. Moreover the hack-illustrator of to-day seems to adopt the camera as his standard of truth, and to endeavor to obtain with his Indian-ink

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an effect resembling as nearly as possible the reproduction of a photograph. Instead of trying to decorate a page, the hack-illustrator would persuade us that he has "snap-shotted" some incident or scene described by his author.

Illustrated journalism has been degraded and deprived of all artistic interest by the wholesale employment of photographs instead of drawings, but the evil influence of the camera has not ended here, since the degeneration is spreading from the journals and their readers to the artists who engage in unwise competition against the photograph. The dull uniformity of our sixpenny illustrated monthlies and weeklies, brought about by their publication of similar and often identical photographs, is now matched by the monotonous impersonality of the wash-drawings by the few illustrators for whom employment is still found. With the exception of *Punch*—a last stronghold of the line draughtsman against the invading forces of the wash-drawing and half-tone block—it would be difficult to name a single English periodical whose illustrations are an attraction to an educated purchaser. Nowadays the patrons of illustration confine their attention to books, or to American periodicals, in which the standard of illustration is admittedly higher, not because America has better illustrators, but because American editors have better taste and shrewder artistic judgment than our own.

THE MOTOCRAT.

I am he: goggled and unashamed.
Furred also am I, stop-watched and
horse-powerful.

Millions admit my sway—on both sides
of the road.

The Plutocrat has money: I have
motors.

The Democrat has the rates; so have I
—two—one for use and one for
County Courts.

The Autocrat is dead, but I—I increase
and multiply.

I have taken his place.

I blow my horn and the people scatter.

I stand still and everything trembles.
 I move and kill dogs.
 I skid and chickens die.
 I pass swiftly from place to place, and
 horses bolt in dust storms which
 cover the land.
 I make the dust storms.
 For I am Omnipotent; I make every-
 thing.
 I make dust, I make smell, I make
 noise.
 And I go forward, ever forward, and
 pass through or over almost
 everything.
 "Over or Through" is my motto.
 The roads were made for me; years
 ago they were made.

Punch.

Wise rulers saw me coming and made
 roads.
 Now that I am come, they go on mak-
 ing roads—making them up.
 For I break things.
 Roads I break and Rules of the Road.
 Statutory limits were made for me.
 I break them.
 I break the dull silence of the country.
 Sometimes I break down, and thou-
 sands flock round me, so that I
 dislocate the traffic.
 But I am the Traffic.
 I am I and She is She—the Rest get
 out of the way.
 Truly, the hand which rules the Motor
 rocks the World.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Two changes of ownership of English periodicals took place at the beginning of the year. "Mind" was transferred to the Macmillans, and "The Independent Review" to John Lane.

Apropos of the discussion of Celtic literature The Academy remarks tersely and pointedly that "there is nothing in the so-called 'Literature' of Ireland to warrant it being called literature at all."

The set of "The Spectator" which the Library of Harvard University has recently acquired at a cost of \$500 is the same which was sold in February, 1901, for \$35; but with this difference, that there have been added the nineteen issues of the second series and Nos. 2 to 8 of the final issue.

Professor F. W. Maitland, whose biography of Sir Leslie Stephen was appreciatively reviewed by Sir Frederick Pollock in an article recently reprinted in *The Living Age* did not long survive the completion of that interest-

ing memoir. He died in the Canary Islands at the age of 57, after a long illness through which he toiled at his chosen work with indomitable courage.

Preparations are being made in Germany for the celebration, March 12th of the three hundredth anniversary of the great hymn composer, Paul Gerhardt, the author of "Befiehl du deine Wege." He was born in Grifenhünen, in what is now the province of Saxony, in Prussia, where a memorial house is being erected for charitable work. A fine edition of his hymns has been issued for the nominal sum of 75 pfennigs.

The Methuens have published a treatise on "Commerce in War," by L. A. Atherley Jones, K.C., M. P., and H. H. L. Bellot, M.A., which, in addition to dealing with the different branches of international law concerning the commercial relations between neutrals and belligerents, contains a collection of the more important treaties and ordinances relating to these matters which have

been entered into or made by Great Britain and other States from the fifteenth century to the present era.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a work entitled "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony: Canada and the American Revolution," by Justin H. Smith, Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, whose "Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec" and "The Troubadours at Home" were also issued by Messrs. Putnam. The new work will be in two illustrated volumes, and will be based almost entirely on first-hand material. A thorough search was made in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain for MSS. relating to the efforts made from 1774 to 1783 to incorporate Canada in the American Union, and more than 1,400 new documents were found.

An English house announces the early publication of an illustrated travel book by C. W. L. Bulpitt, entitled "A Picnic Party in Wildest Africa," being a sketch of a winter's trip to some of the unknown waters of the Upper Nile. The expedition was organized by Mr. W. N. McMillan, an experienced American traveller, and had for its object the surveying of the Musha and Boma plateaux. Seeing that one of the caravans marched thirty-eight days on half-rations, largely through a country flooded by incessant rain, the trip could not have been altogether a picnic, but it appears to have been a great success. Mounts Ungwala and Naita were ascended, and hundreds of square miles of previously unexplored country were surveyed and mapped.

E. P. Dutton & Co. open the year's new books with the following, among others: "The Historical Study of the Mother Tongue. An Introduction to Philological Method," by Henry Cecil

Wyld, Baines Professor of the English Language and Philology in the University of Liverpool; "Six Lectures on Painting Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy of Arts in London," by George Clausen, A.R.A., R.W.S., Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy; "Aims and Ideals in Art," eight lectures delivered to students of the Royal Academy by George Clausen; "The Roman Capitol in Ancient and Modern Times," the Citadel, the Temples, the Senatorial Palace, the Palace of the Conservators, the Museum, by E. Rodocanachi, translated from the French by Frederick Lawton, M.A.; and a new edition of "The Thread of Gold," with a new introduction by the author, Mr. Arthur C. Benson.

Professor John Franklin Genung of Amherst, whose studies and translations of the book of Job and Ecclesiastes have been greatly enjoyed by Biblical students, carries these researches still farther in a volume on "The Hebrew Literature of Wisdom" which embodies a series of lectures, delivered at different times to Providence, Amherst and Boston audiences. The Old Testament books which are grouped for study under this general designation are Job, Proverbs and Ecclesiastes and the apocryphal books Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Solomon. The Epistle of James is taken as a specimen of New Testament wisdom literature. Professor Genung does not busy himself with the niceties of Biblical criticism. His quest is for the literary and spiritual values of the group of writings which he studies. He writes with freedom and yet with reverence, with the insight of a poet and the painstaking care of a close student. The result is a volume which is a positive contribution to the understanding of the sacred writings. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.